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THE ROMANCE OF A MINIATURE

By *Kate Whiting Patch*

WITH DRAWINGS BY CHARLOTTE HARDING

WHEN Eleanora Worth was only six years old she had spent a memorable day with her grandmother. They had driven to a quaint, old-fashioned house in some forgotten corner of Boston, and there they had lingered for many hours with a dear little old lady.

Eleanora remembered ever afterward the strange, indescribable fragrance that pervaded the house; the rich but worn draperies at the long, narrow windows; the quaint mahogany furniture, with claw-feet clutching so tenaciously the brass balls that a little girl would have enjoyed rolling over the floor could she only have taken them away. In the dim light of the old drawing-room she had stolen silently about, gazing at the family portraits, the fascinating prisms that hung from ancient candlesticks—at all the queer, unusual things—while grandmother and the dear little strange old lady talked together by the front window. They had all gone upstairs together to a great square sleeping-room, where a four-posted, draped bedstead filled the heart of the little girl with awe. The sweet, strange fragrance of the room below followed them here also, and Eleanora's fascinated eyes had wandered about eagerly again. At last, as she stood by the dressing-table, they fell upon the miniature lying upon it.

It was the portrait of a young man with eager, dark eyes that looked straight up at the inquisitive little girl bending over them. He had dark hair, too—wavy, careless hair—and heavy eyebrows quite as dark. His complexion was ruddy, the nose and mouth delicately moulded, and a suggestion of a smile played about the lips.

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Eleanora did not take in all the details, perhaps, but the face stamped itself indelibly upon her childish memory. The young man wore the high stock and quaint coat of his day; and the miniature, which was beautifully executed, was secured in a gold setting with a loop at the top through which passed a small gold chain. Eleanora carefully turned it over. In the back of the setting, beneath an oval of glass, were two locks of hair, dark and fair; and beneath this were engraved the initials "R. A."

The little girl was still gazing at the pictured face when her grandmother called her away, and they went down the dim staircase again, and bade good-by to the little, quaint old lady and left the house. As they drove home, Eleanora had not seen or heard anything that passed. She was thinking of the strange, dim, fragrant rooms, of the mahogany claw-feet and the gold balls, the prisms and the miniature.

"I guess you're sleepy," Grandma had said, but Eleanora only shook her head.

It had been like a visit to story-book land to her. All night she dreamed of the face in the little gold case—only it had become a little boy's face then, and they—the little boy and Eleanora—were sitting on the floor in the fragrant parlor rolling the gold balls.

As Eleanora grew older and began to read fairy tales the wonderful Prince of the several stories always had flashing dark eyes and a merry mouth, and invariably wore a black stock; and when she had grown older still and indulged in an occasional love story, her favorite hero—no matter after what pattern he had originally been drawn—always appeared to her with the face of her childhood's dream.

She was hardly conscious of this herself. She had never visited the strange little old lady again; she did not remember her name, and seldom thought of that day; but once in a while it would all come back like a vision at the sight of a mahogany table, an ancient candlestick, or at the musty odor of an old book. Sometimes she would awake from the old dream of rolling gold balls with the young man of the miniature, and start up sniffing the fragrance of the old house.

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When Eleanora was eighteen, her father offered to refurnish her room as a birthday gift, and the girl chose to go down to the auction rooms and old stores and gather together strange bits of mahogany and bric-à-brac instead of the new things which her less esthetic father would himself have selected for her.

If the girl had been capable of indulging in a fad, this love for antiques would have been hers, for it was a love deep rooted and real; and, all unconsciously to herself, reaching back to that dim, far-off day which she had spent with her grandmother and the quaint little old lady.

The keepers of curio shops knew the young woman and welcomed her, and occasionally were gladdened by a purchase as Christmas or birthday brought gift-money to her hand.

Eleanora Worth was twenty, now—a fair, slender maiden, with sunny hair and wide, blue eyes. She was enjoying her first Boston winter; she had been received kindly as a promising "bud," and was feeling with all the zest of one's first season her little triumphs and social successes.

One bright morning in early spring Miss Worth started downtown to do some necessary shopping. The Public Gardens were glowing with crocuses and tulips, and she rejoiced that she had chosen to walk. Her mind was chiefly absorbed in planning a new party gown, but as she started across the Common a new impulse seized her, and she suddenly found herself irresistibly drawn in the direction of Beacon Hill. A few minutes later she was entering the low door of a small curio shop and the proprietor looked up eagerly at her as she went toward him.

"Ah, Miss Worth! I was just hoping you would step in this morning. I have something that I am sure will interest you." He pushed toward her a pasteboard box in which, upon a bit of cotton, lay a miniature.

Miss Worth returned the old man's salutation smilingly, and took up the new treasure with interest, but as she glanced at it a wondering exclamation broke from her lips and the color left her face.

"Where did you get this?" she asked quickly, looking with startled eyes into the face of the shop-keeper, and sitting down suddenly in an arm chair of Mayflower reputation, for she found herself trembling from the shock she had received.

Looking up at her from the little miniature case in her hand was the face of the hero of her childhood. She could not mistake it. There were the dark, eager eyes, the careless hair, the mouth just ready to smile, the quaint dress—each detail came to her vividly. She remembered the narrow beading of the setting, the gold ring at the top, through which the slender chain had been passed.

"Where did you get this?" she repeated, and the old man looked troubled.

"Have you seen it before, Miss Worth? I hope nothing is wrong. An elderly lady brought it here last night, and was very anxious to sell it. She said it was hers, and I felt no doubt——"

"What did she look like?" interrupted Eleanora very eagerly.

"Why, she was just elderly," faltered the old man, whose powers of description were rather limited.

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"Did she have very soft white hair and a little, little face with pale-blue eyes? And did she wear black silk with old lace, and——"

"Well, well, I should think so, I should think so," assented the old man. "I didn't pay much heed."

"Did she leave her name and address?" went on Miss Worth quite anxiously.

"No," replied the shop-keeper, "she only said she must sell the miniature, and asked what I could give her for it. She told me the artist's name and I recognized it as genuine."

"And you don't know where she lives? Oh, if grandmother were only living she would know. How could she part with this? It is the same miniature—the same one."

She turned it over in her hand as she spoke. Yes; there in the back of the setting, under the oval glass surrounded by the little gold beading were the two locks of hair, and beneath, engraved in the gold, the initials "R. A."

"At how much do you value this?" asked Miss Worth at length, gazing with deepening color into the dark eyes of the pictured face.

The old man named the price.

"I can't get it to-day," sighed the girl, laying it back in the little box, "but I must have it. Would you keep it for me till to-morrow? I'll come early—and if the little old lady should return, please, please learn her name and address for me."

Eleanora Worth hurried home, the party gown forgotten in this strange discovery of the morning. Again she lived over that dim, fragrant day of her childhood; again the old dreams returned, and she was in feverish haste to question her mother and to find some means of making the miniature her very—very own.

"It is my birthday to-morrow," she said, "and if only Uncle John's check comes as usual I shall be all right."

Uncle John's check was awaiting her, a most happy surprise; but when Eleanora questioned her mother as to the little old lady she was much disappointed.

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"I don't remember your spending a day with your grandmother at any old lady's," she said, "and, besides, she had so many friends here I couldn't imagine which one it was by your description. Perhaps you dreamed it, my dear."

"No, no," persisted the girl; "it was there I saw the miniature, and now I shall have it for my own."

"My dear Eleanora, are you going to put all your Uncle John's money into a useless thing of that kind? Don't do it, dear," remonstrated Mrs. Worth feebly.

"Oh, mamma, please, don't say anything," begged Eleanora. "I'll promise not to buy another antique for a year, but I must own this miniature. You don't know how I long——" She could not finish the sentence.

The next day the miniature was in her possession. Passing through the gold ring a long, slender chain that had been her grandmother's, and fastening this about her neck, she tucked the treasure in her belt, as it had doubtless been worn in the dim past by some happy woman with fair auburn hair like that little lock under the glass.

Eleanora fell to dreamily imagining that she was that woman, and intensely enjoyed the bit of make-believe in half-ashamed secrecy.

That evening a young man came to call on Miss Worth—a young man of most excellent family, a Harvard graduate, a promising young lawyer—"everything that could be desired," whispered Mrs. Worth to herself, her bosom swelling with motherly pride as she greeted him with much cordiality.

His attentions to Eleanora had been greatly approved of by every one but Eleanora

herself. "She is so indifferent to men," sighed the patient but much tried mother.

That evening Miss Worth seemed more than ever absent-minded, and her annoyed mother, to cover an awkward pause in the conversation, unwittingly gave the young lawyer's hopes their death-blow.

"Have you shown Mr. Lothrop your miniature, Eleanora?" she asked. "My daughter has a foolish craze for antiques," she added indulgently, as the girl reluctantly drew out her treasure for inspection.

She glanced at it as she did so. Never had the eager, handsome face appealed to her more strongly; and she looked up from it to meet Mr. Lothrop's cold blue eyes, politely interested in the miniature for her sake. Never had his really handsome face appeared less attractive to her; it's cold dignity contrasted too sharply with the suppressed fire shown in the pictured visage.

Eleanora quickly possessed herself of the miniature again and tucked it out of sight.

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Second Chapter

ELEANORA WORTH, I really believe you are in love with that thing!"

It was a bright, vivacious little lady who spoke, and she was curled up in a corner of Eleanora's window-seat.

Eleanora was seated at her desk—a strange, beautiful old mahogany desk—her head resting on one hand, and she was gazing abstractedly at the miniature, which hung on a small brass hook before her.

She smiled, in an amused way, at her friend's chatter.

"Yes," she admitted, "I have been in love with it ever since I was six years old."

"Well, I think it's a pity," responded the other. "He's a beauty, to be sure, but you have gazed on his beauty so long you don't appreciate any other type. Gordon Lothrop is just exactly as fine looking, but you can't see it."

"Nonsense, Molly, I'm not a goose," said Eleanora flushing hotly. "You don't suppose——"

"Yes, I do," retorted Molly. "If it wasn't for that miniature I honestly believe you would have opened your eyes before now to Gordon's merits, and appreciated your good fortune."

Eleanora laughed, but it was an annoyed laugh, nevertheless.

"Come, tell me about the costume ball; have you decided yet what to wear?" she asked hastily.

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Her friend looked at her sharply; Eleanora had her oddities, they all knew that; she was such a dreamer, and had so many notions; but then, she was "a dear" for all that, and—what use to puzzzle over her oddness?

"The ball? Oh, yes!" Molly was all animation in a minute. "I'm going as Mary, Queen of Scots, for I can get up the sweetest costume you ever saw. What will you wear, Eleanora?"

"A dress of my great-grandmother that has been a family treasure for years. It is a blue brocade."

"How lovely, and you can wear the miniature, too. It will be just the thing."

"Yes; perhaps I will," said Eleanora carelessly. "I couldn't get up any fancy dress—it isn't in my line—and I've always wanted a chance to wear the brocade. I tried it on to-day and it fits beautifully. I'll show it to you—if you want to see it?"

Of course Molly wanted to see it, and the two girls were soon eagerly discussing and planning, while the miniature hung on the brass hook. Molly looked up at last, and seemed to catch a merry, laughing glance from the dark eyes.

"Look! Eleanora, he approves of your costume; he is actually smiling over it," she laughed mockingly. "Oh, don't carry him to the ball, I beg of you; it would complete the costume, but it would ruin Gordon Lothrop's chance of a happy evening."

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The night before the great costume ball Eleanora was visited by the old dream. Again she was in the dim, fragrant parlor with the young man of the miniature, but they were not children rolling balls now. Instead, she wore her grandmother's blue brocade, and he was arrayed in the picturesque dress of his day, and was pouring all the golden balls into her lap. She looked up into his eyes, but as he started to speak she awoke to a sense of the fading fragrance, and a disappointment that she had not heard what he was going to say.

The dream lingered with her all day, and when she was arrayed for the ball that evening she went over to her desk and looked into the eyes of the miniature.

"Shall I take you?" she said, "or shall I leave you here? If I let you go with me will you tell me what you were going to say last night when I woke up? Will you bring me the golden balls as you did last night?"

"Why, who were you talking to, Eleanora?" asked her mother, coming in, her arms full of wraps for the evening.

"Oh, just to—myself," replied the girl hastily, slipping the gold chain over her head and hiding the miniature in the bosom of her old fashioned gown.

Upon reaching the hall, Mrs. Worth was soon comfortably installed among the other chaperones, and her daughter, not loath to gaze on the beauties about her, accepted Mr. Lothrop's invitation to join the gay groups who were wandering happily up and down.

"AS SHE STOOD BY THE DRESSING-TABLE ELEANORA'S EYES FELL UPON THE MINIATURE"

"Oh, isn't this delightful!" exclaimed Eleanora, her cheeks glowing. She felt very much at home in the blue brocade, and she was sure that a high tortoise shell comb and slightly powdered hair were becoming. Then it was all so like a bit of an old fairy tale; the strange and beautiful costumes, the fair knights and ladies—it was like a dream.

"What a relief it is to see all you men in something different from the tiresome black and white," she exclaimed impulsively. "I don't see why men shouldn't wear colors now, as our great grandparents used to do."

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Mr. Lothrop, who did not feel at home in his costume, protested in favor of the conventional evening dress, but murmured some complimentary remarks concerning the blue brocade. Eleanora waved them aside very impatiently.

"Oh, but you are blind," she said. "Give me the ruffled shirt-front, the brocaded waistcoat and blue or scarlet coat of the long ago. It is like a dream to-night——" She raised her eyes as she spoke, and the words died on her lips, for she saw him.

He was coming toward her—a man in the dress she had described, a man with dark, eager eyes, and a smile upon his lips. He was talking earnestly to his partner, but he looked up, and Eleanora's glance met his for an instant—speechless wonder in her eyes, surprised admiration in his.

Her fingers tightened on her partner's arm, and he turned quickly, alarmed at the sudden pallor of her face. "Miss Worth—are you ill?" he asked anxiously. "Let me——"

"No, no," she whispered quickly; "just let me sit down a moment—there in that quiet corner—and would you get my fan? It is nothing, nothing. I shall be all right in a moment or two. Don't worry."

Mr. Lothrop left her in the flowery shelter, and hastened for the fan and her mother.

The color came back to the girl's cheeks as she found herself alone—grateful for the few moments of solitude in which to collect her thoughts and quiet her leaping pulses.

She put her hand to her head. Was she dreaming? Could she be mad? Surely, surely she had looked into the eyes—into the living, eager eyes of the original of her miniature—the eyes she knew so well.

There could be no mistake. Had not that face lived in her heart since she was a mere child? With trembling fingers she drew out the miniature and gazed at it earnestly; then from her shelter she looked timidly forth in search of the apparition of a few moments since. Gordon Lothrop was appearing, the fan in his hand, her mother on his arm.

"Eleanora——" she began in an alarmed tone of voice, but the girl laughed.

"Don't be anxious, mamma; it was just a little faint attack. Thank you, Mr. Lothrop. No, I don't want to go home," as her mother began to protest. "I am all right now, and wouldn't miss the ball for anything."

Before Mrs. Worth could say more, two men drew near, one an old friend of her husband, the other—Eleanora drew a deep breath, and steadied herself by leaning against the back of her chair.

"Mrs. Worth," began the elder gentleman, "may I present to you my young friend, Mr. Allston? Robert Allston, from West Virginia. Miss Worth, Mr. Allston.

The young man bowed low, and both ladies responded graciously, albeit the younger one's eyes fell shyly as she met his bright, eager glance.

"Allston, Allston," repeated Mrs. Worth, "and from West Virginia? Ah, then you can't belong to the Brightwood Allstons. My mother had a dear friend, a Miss Allston, who lived here in Boston, I believe."

"I think I may claim the honor of New England ancestry, madam," replied the young man in a rich, pleasant voice, while a little quizzical smile played about his lips. "My paternal grandfather was born in Boston, I believe, and my great-aunt, Miss Lavinia Allston, died here not a year ago."

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"Why, that was the name of mother's friend," said Mrs. Worth. "It is strange I had forgotten; but then, one has so many demands on one's time in these days, and I really can't half remember all my own acquaintances." She laughed uneasily, feeling that she had betrayed indifference toward her mother's old friend, and hastened to add, "I hope you are to be in Boston some time, Mr. Allston. It will give us pleasure to see you at our home, and——"

The orchestra began to play a dreamy waltz, and the hall was filling. Mr. Allston thanked Mrs. Worth for her hospitality, and turned to her daughter. "Miss Worth, may I have the honor of dancing this with you?" he asked, and Eleanora stepped forward.

"Do you think you ought to dance, my dear?" asked her mother anxiously.

"Of course; I am all right now," replied the girl quickly. "Don't feel uneasy."

"But you were faint," argued the mother.

"You need have no fear, Mrs. Worth," interrupted the young man. "I will take care of her"; and waiting for no further protest he led Eleanora away.

His decided manner made her heart beat faster. Being of a pliant nature herself, she delighted in strong, spirited characters. Young Lochinvar and his like had ever been favorite heroes of hers; the men she knew were too deferring, too yielding, to please her; but this Robert Allston did not belie his looks in the least.

"Is he the Prince of the fairy tale?" she whispered to herself. "Am I a dreamer, or a wide-awake, rational person?" She felt the color flooding her face, and looked up to meet her partner's gaze. They had waltzed to the other end of the hall, and he stopped dancing and led her to a quiet seat in a green corner.

"I must keep my promise to your mother," he said smiling, "and I want to talk—don't you?"

It was the first time he had really spoken directly to her, except to ask her to dance. Suddenly Eleanora's fluttering ceased. She felt perfectly quiet and at home. Why not? Was she not with an old, old friend? Had she not been waiting to meet him all her life?

"Yes, I do want to talk," she said, looking up earnestly. "I want to ask you about your great-aunt who lived here."

Mr. Allston smiled that little amused smile she knew.

"I am not sure I had her in mind," he said, opening and closing Eleanora's great fan, "but I am very willing to listen."

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"Was she a dear little old lady with a small pale face?" began the girl, "and did she live in a strange old, old house that smelled always of——"

"My dear Miss Worth, I'm afraid I can't answer your questions satisfactorily. I never saw my great-aunt, but I don't doubt your description is correct. As to the house—but why are you so interested?"

"Ah, because I spent a day with her once—I am sure it must have been with her—when I was a little girl, you know; and it was all so sweet and dim and beautiful I have remembered it ever since. It was there I first saw——" She stopped suddenly, a hot blush surging over her face.

"Did you," she went on again in a few moments—"did you ever visit your aunt when you were a child? Did you ever wish to play with the brass balls on her claw-foot furniture—or to run about her big rooms? But you say you never saw her. I forgot that."

The young man looked decidedly puzzled.

"Miss Worth, I confess you are reading me riddles," he said laughing. "Will you explain what you mean?"

"I was only thinking of that day when I was a child. Sometime perhaps——" She paused, for Mr. Lothrop stood before her.

"This is my dance, I believe," he said, and she could only smile at the annoyed flash that shone in Robert Allston's eyes and consent to be led away.

When she saw her mother, later in the evening, that lady said abruptly, "Eleanora, who does Mr. Allston remind me of? I've been watching him all the evening. He's a handsome fellow, but there is a resemblance to somebody. It puzzles me."

"Did you ever know his father or grandfather?" asked Miss Worth carelessly. "It may be some family resemblance."

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"His grandfather was an old man when I knew him; perhaps this young man is like him—but it isn't that I am thinking of."

Eleanora did not suggest the miniature, but it had not left her thoughts for a moment. Should she confide in the new-comer and surrender her treasure? Should she?

There was no time for further thought then; he was coming toward her, a favor in his hand—a string of gilt balls which he smilingly dropped in her lap.

In a flash her dream of the night before came to her. She fastened the favor on her gown as she arose. She would not let him fade away as he had faded in the dream.

They had not waltzed long when she said suddenly: "Mr. Allston, would you mind sitting out this dance? There are several questions I must ask you."

"About—my great-aunt?" he asked.

"Yes," said Eleanora, as they sat down; "it is very unconventional, perhaps, to bother you with such strange things at a first meeting, but you do not seem like a stranger. I feel that I have known you a long time—because—ah, you will think me very personal, but you will understand by-and-by.

Do you look like your father or your grandfather, Mr. Allston? I have a particular reason for wishing to know if you are."

She looked up with a daring little smile that was most bewitching to the man who was gazing at her with puzzled admiration. She was very different from any girl he had ever met before. Aside from her beauty—her wide, blue eyes and wealth of red-gold hair—there was something original and unconventional about her that he liked.

"Well," he said, with that little half-suppressed smile which she knew so well, "I believe I am said to be a 'true Allston,' whatever that may mean."

"And your christian name is—Robert?"

She said it with a shy lowering of the voice that made him exclaim impulsively, "Oh, say it again!" but Miss Worth paid no heed to his request.

"R. A." she repeated as to herself. "And your grandmother—did she have light hair?"

"That I cannot say," replied the young man, "I only remember it as gray."

"That brings me to the miniature," she went on again, as to herself. "There can be no mistake."

"The miniature?" he repeated after her. "Pray, Miss Worth, when are you to give me the answer to your riddles? I confess to being consumed with curiosity."

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"I saw it at your aunt's that day when I was a little child," she went on. "It was lying on her dressing-table. It must have been a miniature of your grandfather. Did you never see it?"

"No; all those things were left with Aunt Lavinia in the old house, and now——" He paused, for Eleanora had drawn out the miniature and laid it in his hand.

"So that is my grandfather!" he exclaimed, looking down at the eager face.

"And it might easily be yourself—to-night," she added smiling.

"Might it? Then this accounts for your questioning." He turned the little case over. "R. A." he read, "and here are two locks of hair. My grandmother's the light one, of course. It is the color of yours. Well, perhaps I do look like this portrait, in my present rig. I found it in Aunt Lavinia's attic, by-the-way. That is what made me decide to come to-night."

"And are you staying in that dear old house?" questioned Eleanora delightedly. "Oh, I remember it so well. The beautiful old furniture, and the delightful fragrance of faded, old-fashioned flowers."

Robert Allston smiled a little sadly.

"I fear you would find only the fragrance of damp and mould there now," he said, "and nearly all the old things have dropped to pieces, or gone."

"Ah, yes; and the dear little old lady, she is gone, too. No; I should not want to go again. I should rather keep it the dream house it has always been to me."

"But how did you come by this miniature, Miss Worth?" he asked suddenly. "Did she give it to you?"

"No. I found it in a curio store last spring. I have a love for antiques, you know," she added hastily, "and when I saw this it called up that day in my childhood, and I felt I must buy it. Then, too, I was always hoping I might find the dear little old lady again and give it back to her; but the man did not know her address, and mamma couldn't remember anything about it. Oh, how could she have sold it, Mr. Allston? Pardon me, but it is such a mystery."

"It need be no mystery," he replied, with a touch of pride in his voice. "My aunt was supposed to have a good income, and my father never knew until after her death that she had lost much of her property, and was really in great need at the end. Instead of applying to him, or even hinting of it in her letters, she began to sell the furniture and things—you see, they were old and valuable, and it is probable that her mind was slightly affected, too, for she was very old."

"Poor little old lady, poor little dear!" exclaimed the girl pityingly. "To think of her all alone in that sweet old house, and actually brought to selling the treasures of generations! Oh, it is too pitiful!"

"We did not know; we thought all was well," he said, as though he felt reproach in her words. "She had a faithful attendant with her, and we never dreamed of the loneliness in which she must have lived, forgotten by her friends—nay, they are probably all dead, too. My father is an invalid, and has not left home for years. That is why I was sent here to settle Aunt Lavinia's affairs after her death and——"

"To find you," she was going to add. Then he remembered that he had only met her that evening.

Eleanora dashed away the mist that had clouded her eyes.

"It seems that I have been keeping this for you, then," she said, and with the prettiest little gesture in the world she surrendered the miniature, stifling a regretful sigh meanwhile.

"Nay," he said quickly, "it is yours. I have no right; I do not wish—pray keep it; for the present, at any rate," he pleaded. "It is part of your costume, you know, to-night," and he smiled again, but added more gravely, "Some day, perhaps——"

"Ah, Mr. Allston, I have wanted to speak to you again." It was Mrs. Worth's voice that broke in upon the tête-à-tête. "I am so glad to have met a descendant of my mother's old friends, and I hope we may see more of you. Will you dine with us to-morrow? We are to have a few friends with us."

Robert Allston accepted the invitation very promptly and blessed the unconscious giver. Then, bidding Eleanora good night, he left them and they saw him no more that evening.

* * *

Third Chapter

A MONTH had passed—a short winter month, but it had brought a lifetime of experience to the slender girl who was making her way across the Public Gardens one February afternoon. She had suddenly awakened to life. It tingled in her heart-throbs, it glowed in her eyes. Oh, how good it was to be alive, to be, to do! Dreaming was sweet, but the waking reality was better; and yet they were so wholly blended, could she ever be able to fully distinguish one from the other?

"Am I the same girl?" she said half aloud, and then the glow on her cheek and in her eyes deepened, for some one was coming toward her.

"Miss Eleanora, how fortunate! I was so eager to see you before I go."

"Before you go!" she repeated, looking up at him. He wore a black muffler, which seemed to take the place of the stock of the miniature, and made the likeness vivid.

"Yes; I am called home. I must leave to-night, but I could not go without seeing you—I could not."

"Ah, you mustn't stay away long—you will come back?" she murmured, a shadow passing over the glory in her eyes.

"Yes; I will come back," he said; "I will come if you let me—nay, if you forbid, I must still come and stay near you."

Her eyes fell before his earnest gaze.

"It may seem strange—abrupt to you," he went on. "It is a month since we met. It might as well be years or hours. It is not a matter of time when we meet our own—we know them at once. Dear girl! don't turn away; I am a rash, impulsive fellow, I grant you, but I can't go without opening my heart to you. And you knew it all—you are not surprised?"

"No," said Eleanora quietly, "I am not surprised. I think I have been waiting all my life for just this moment. And, really, I've known you always, you know."

She looked up, the sweet calm of happiness in her eyes, and her lover could not lift his gaze from her face—she was so lovely.

"You were always the Prince in the story for me," she went on. "Your face has been in my heart all these years—oh, yes, I know it was not really yours, but it has always been your face to me," and she laid her hand over her heart, where the miniature had lain since their first meeting. "I have been like the sleeping Princess," she said. "I have been waiting for you, Robert, and you have come to waken me to life."

Her sweet, true words had fallen like pure and sacred music on his heart, making him dumb, but as they reached the house and went up the steps he remembered what the Prince of the old tale had done.

"Eleanora!" he cried below his breath, "my little princess!" and in the shadow of the doorway he stooped and kissed her.

"IT IS A PART OF YOUR COSTUME TO-NIGHT. SOME DAY, PERHAPS——"

Corporal by Mistake

The Regeneration of Tommy Hood

By E. Livingstone Prescott

WITH

DRAWINGS BY J. J. GOULD

IN THE White Guards, all the Fullers are "Brocky" and all the Clarks "Knobby," or, for choice, "Knocker." By the same unwritten law every Hood, even if christened by fond parents Ferdinando, is "Tommy."

There were three Tommy Hoods in the First Battalion of the White Guards: Tommy One, of No. 7 Company, who was a good man; Tommy Two, of No. 6 Company, who was also good, though not up to Tommy One's mark of excellence; and Tommy Three, of No. 8 Company—our Tommy, for present purposes—who was not good at all, because he continually, as he said, "spoiled himself," or was spoiled, through the wiles of that world which crowds its snares so thick about the feet of a soldier in London. Yet Tommy was beloved by his superiors and his company, and considered a "front-rank soldier"; clean, smart, obedient.

No "lawyer" was Tommy, nor prone to grumble at duty, but a cheerful soul, taking his frequent—and well-merited—wiggings, and the subsequent "weighing off," in no ill part. With a rueful smile, a pathetic twinkle of his light-blue eyes, and philosophic rub of his tow-colored head—

"Saved my bloomin' 'air this time, anyways!" he would remark to any chance hearer.

If Tommy could have been secured within the liberties of the barrack yard by a light chain, there would have been absolutely nothing in his way to prevent his becoming Sergeant-Major. But once let Tommy, cane in hand and arrayed for defeat, step past the sorrowing comrade who happened to be on sentry, and his enforced return in a more or less intoxicated and disheveled condition was merely a matter of time, degree and duration.

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Tommy had two simple rules of conduct on these occasions: Firstly, never to come back without being fetched; secondly, after he had spent all his money, to make away with as many articles of his kit as possible. Result: he was chronically a defaulter, and did so much pack-drill that he had acquired a very peculiar, easing shrug of the shoulders when he had nothing to carry.

Tommy was rather pleasant to look at—a grown-up scapegrace version of a flaxen-headed country lad, with five feet eleven of foolish strength, long-legged and broad-shouldered, a blunt nose, a wide mouth, wearing a good-natured grin, and a pair of round blue eyes which all his sins had not, at twenty-two, robbed of their boyish innocence.

"Blest if I know why I done it!" Tommy would say, when remonstrated with by his chums for the fiftieth time. "It takes me like that, I s'pose"—as if it were measles or a cough.

Tommy had a little cough most winters, and was too white—splashed on the cheek-bone with pink—for perfect robustness. His old mother in the country used to send him stout flannels, with many fond cautions. Once, after Tommy had been brought back a great many times in rapid succession, and was doing his pack-drill, looking very white about the gills, in the barrack yard, the old mother came up to give him a happy surprise. A pragmatical baby Corporal, whom Tommy had covertly chaffed, took upon himself to inform her mind as to her son's real position and prospects. She stood aside, crying decently and quietly in her clean pocket-handkerchief, till Tommy had finished. Then she went up to him. Every one felt that it was not a good thing Corporal Stiff had done when they saw her go across with Tommy, very sheepish and sad, to the coffee-room, and sit there close to him with big tears rolling down her wrinkled cheeks. Tommy stuck his head between his hands and cried and choked too, and kissed her before she left, making earnest promises.

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After this, also, the heroic Tommy, of his own free will, never put his blunt nose outside the barrack gate for one calendar month—as a result of which it remained intact for that period—but spent his leisure hours harmlessly playing draughts with other and more involuntary prisoners, sporting with his Color-Sergeant's children, nursing a serious military baby that had lost its mother, and shame-facedly courting the Adjutant's eye, as who should say, "I am good, now!"

So he was, for exactly thirty-one days and a half. Subsequently, at 11 P. M., shouts—increasing in volume in front of the barrack rails—heralded the usual procession of four of the picket perspiringly dragging a valiant but much disordered Tommy.

"Poor old Tommy at it again!" said his chums regretfully.

The Adjutant looked sad, and the Colonel was—or said he was—very angry. The Colonel was a soldier all over, from his shorn, gray head, and back flat as a wall from much drill, to the long legs that looked as if they ought always to have a charger between them and a clank of spurs at their heels. The men, among themselves, called him, fondly, Daddy, and when in his day he used to ride, and frequently win, brigade steeple-chases, mounted on his big black mare, would swarm round horse and rider like bees, and almost carry the two, with irrepressible shoutings of delight.

He liked Tommy, and was really vexed and sorrowful at his misdoings. Therefore he shook his head terrifyingly, and blustered a good deal, using cutting expressions about Tommy being a disgrace to his battalion and a bad example to the young soldiers in it; winding up by a long deferred and deserved award of "one hundred and sixty-eight hours' cells."

Tommy was removed in a dazed condition, thinking a good deal about his mother and

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his promises. He found the reality to be quite as bad as his idea of it, and the click-click of the Sergeant's scissors about his head was a new and unpleasant sensation. He took up a flaxen tuft between his finger and thumb and looked at it, shaking his denuded skull with a deeply expressive whistle. Afterward he "carried shot," and perambulated during many weary hours round and round the little prison courtyard, in full marching order, with mournful and mechanical assiduity, and had sundry thoughts.

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How he knew that his commanding officer's bluster hid real regret I cannot tell, since Tommy was no genius. But know it he did, and made therefrom the text of a sermon. It was to the effect that if Daddy felt like that and yet punished him, what would the Great Father and Commanding Officer of all feel—and possibly do—if Tommy kept on? Tommy had not learned his catechism in youth, and had a pious mother, for nothing, and his reflections, alone in the narrow, bedless cell—he had only two blankets—were very uneasy and self-reproachful ones.

Perhaps, in his ignorant fashion, he, who could not speak to his earthly commanding officer because of the Sergeant-Major standing between, attempted to address the Great Commanding Officer, between whom and himself, he had heard, no Sergeant-Major—not even the very Chaplain-General—could ever intervene.

"I fair druv' old Daddy to it," he said inwardly, "an' p'r'aps I might drive—I'm to do worse!"

Poor Tommy had, in his real sober moments, almost too much respect to speak to his Creator by name; but whatever he did say was doubtless understood, as, indeed, the sequel seemed to fully prove.

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He came out in due time, and, rather bleached and shaking, with a closely shorn head, which he could not help feeling with his fingers, and on which he imagined every eye was fixed, was marched next morning to the orderly room to be formally "dismissed cells."

It was a clear, cold day as Tommy traversed the arid waste of the barrack yard; a cutting wind blew the dust in his eyes; chilly sunshine lit the pale-blue sky overhead, and glittered impartially on the gold stripes of Tommy's Color-Sergeant and Tommy's own buttons—on the just and unjust without distinction.

Now, on that same day a batch of Corporals was to be made. Among these, Tommy Hood No. 2, of 6 Company, previously mentioned, had been recommended, but was, for some regimental reason, late in presenting himself. Our Tommy knew nothing of this as he shiveringly awaited his turn outside the orderly room; so when his name was called and he was marched in, halted, and left-turned to face the Colonel and Adjutant, he was in that happy-go-lucky frame of mind with which his type of British soldier meets more serious emergencies.

He was startled out of it the next moment with a vengence, for the Sergeant-Major—the Major, as he was called by adulators—announced, without change of countenance, without so much as a glance at Tommy:

"Private T. Hood, of No. 8 Company. Recommended for Corporal, sir."

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The room spun round Tommy, and he gasped. The Adjutant, seeing the mistake, laughed irrepressibly; the Sergeant-Major, very red in the face, and dismayed at his own lapse, whispered hastily to him:

"Mistake, sir. Wrong Hood, sir!—very sorry, sir," and was about to hustle the bewildered Tommy out, when suddenly the Colonel's voice was heard. A happy thought struck the Father of the battalion. He had Tommy halted and marched back, and—while the Sergeant-Major stood by, deeply disgusted, the two orderly-room clerks hid their giggles respectfully in their desks, and the Adjutant looked relieved, because Tommy was dear to him—took a long, kind, severe look in Tommy's amazed countenance. Then he read him a lecture, of a sort Tommy could well understand, on his folly—Tommy had heard it many times before, but it seemed to have a strange, new meaning now—telling him he was a good soldier, and could get on if he would, instead of going to ruin as he had done. He added that he was at his wits' end what to do with Tommy, having tried admonition, confinement, punishment, cells, all to no purpose; with no effect whatever.

And now, he concluded, while the Sergeant-Major stood petrified with horror, and the Adjutant, who comprehended his chief, smiled serenely, he was going to place Tommy on his honor—Tommy gasped again: his honor!—and if Tommy could, on the word of a man, say he would honestly try to amend, would—make—him—Corporal!

Unutterable disgust of Sergeant-Major; slight dismay on the part of the Adjutant, who foresaw complications and a prompt downfall; delight of orderly-room clerks; immense consternation of Tommy. He stood speechless, his eyes misty with tears, the blood surging in his poor cropped head, and his heart going like a steam-hammer.

He had been lectured, sworn at, fined, punished, frog's-marched, and now was to be promoted, for—drunk and absent!

He blundered out some sort of promise with white lips and overflowing eyes and heart, heard indistinctly a few words of kind advice from Daddy—who had something in his eye which, if he had not been a commanding officer, might have been a tear—was told to report himself to the Quartermaster-Sergeant for stripes, and was hustled out of the room by the vexed Sergeant-Major.

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Tommy's long legs took him somehow across the barrack yard to the Quartermaster's stores, and his tongue stammered out an exceedingly confused statement, at which the Quartermaster-Sergeant at first shook his head and laughed, and, when Tommy himself, round-eyed and open-mouthed, repeated it, grew very angry, because he thought he was being chaffed; and for a private to chaff a Quartermaster-Sergeant is, in the latter's opinion, a crime worthy of instant death.

When, however, corroboration came, he gave Tommy congratulatory advice—everybody advised Tommy just then—and the two magic stripes of stiff white braid. Tommy, having borrowed the necessary pennies, tore off to the tailor to have his new honors sewed on—strange symbol, in his case, of a man's redemption, and strangely come by. But when this was done—with a secret reflection on the tailor's part of the superfluousness, in Tommy's instance, of very strong stitches—he drew a long breath and walked away very slowly, like a man with something on his mind; which, indeed, he certainly had.

"TOMMY STUCK HIS HEAD BETWEEN HIS HANDS AND CRIED, TOO"

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Later, when he appeared full-fledged in the day-room at dinner-time, he was still serious and abstracted, and had little to say in reply to the buzz, swelling to a roar of surprise, unbelief, admiration, which greeted him, except that he had "got 'em, and meant to keep 'em." The British Guardsman is not emotional, either in peace or war.

His comrades, however, when they realized the great fact, hoisted him on their shoulders, and bore him triumphantly round the room, and the other Corporals, in all friendliness, invited him to come out of barracks and wet his stripes at their expense. Tommy shook his shorn head expressively: "I ain't goin' to wash 'em off; no fear!" he replied; and a rather envious voice suggesting that "the bloomin' hofficer was too proud!" being shouted down, Tommy was allowed to take his own way of being happy.

This he did by borrowing a book on infantry drill from one of the Sergeants, carrying it to the library, and solemnly immersing himself in it for the rest of the evening, with elbows squared, lips moving, and occasional grunts of difficulty and suffering; for even ordinary reading was regarded by Tommy as no mean achievement.

When there was still an hour to "first post," and only a few others were present, he sidled up to the Librarian, Corporal Valence, a quiet, reckless man, whom Tommy stated to be "of gentleman family"—a wreck stranded by some social squall on the barren shore of the First Battalion, White Guards.

"I say, Corporal," said he, "you might write me a letter if you wouldn't mind."

"All right, Tommy, glad to oblige you. But I thought you could write?"

"Well, I can; but, you see, this is very partic'lar, and I'm afraid to undertake it."

"Sweetheart?"

"No!" said Tommy, making a scornful mouthful of the word. "My old mother, to tell her this," and Tommy ogled his own arm. "She'll be fit to jump out of her skin, she will! And to say that I'm goin' on the steady, and to do all she wants me to. But you'll know what to put. P'raps you've got a mother yourself, Corporal?"

"Perhaps. Most men have—or had," said the Librarian unresponsively.

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But he took the paper Tommy tendered, and wrote a letter which was pronounced "beautiful," and produced immense joy, being carried with gentle motherly cacklings all around the village, from the Squire's lady to Tommy's aged aunt, who resided in a Government Provident Institution, where she, like her nephew, wore uniform, and to which she had flatteringly prophesied Tommy himself would come.

Meantime, Tommy's friends, the Colonel and the Adjutant, were hopeful about him, despite the gloomy murmurs of the Sergeant-Major; but Tommy's weak point being known to them, they agreed that he had better be sent to do duty at the depot at Flaterham.

Here Tommy the ne'er-do-well became the veritable "good boy" of the depot. He was always at drill or at school, though the latter was to him a place of mental and physical torture, or else with his head stuck into a book of tactics, while his lips murmured strange sounds, such as: "As a company in line," "As a company in column."

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His pastime was to manipulate lucifer matches on the table in the non-commissioned officers' mess-room, each match representing a company, and eight matches a battalion. He was often to be seen moving them into line, or forming quarter-column, or advancing in echelon, and, if any buffoon scattered his troops, would "turn as nasty" as if they had interfered with his sweetheart—as, indeed, they had, for was not Tommy wooing Bellona, the goddess of war?—not that Tommy knew that lady by name.

Tommy's industry was observed and admired by the officer commanding, and when, after a while, Daddy wrote and asked news of him, he was highly commended. Thereupon he was returned to London for duty with his battalion. Tommy stuck to Bellona, studied her language alone, and showed so much skill therein—that is, he understood squad and company drill so well, and had such a good word of command—that he soon had the honor of being appointed to regular duty in the School of Instruction for officers of the auxiliary forces.

There was a species of irony in Tommy being the instructor of semi-civilians, since, in his unregenerate days, he had been the peculiar prey of civilians of quite another kind. It is impossible to say how very good Tommy became, from praying and from his extreme fear of being bad.

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His mother used to weep with joy over his lovely letters, and his aged aunt in the Government Institution gained a reflected lustre from the possession of his photograph, which, because Tommy had impressed on her that he taught officers, was by some of her friends considered as that of a superior sort of Field-Marshal.

Tommy really was progressing, for he was made Lance-Sergeant, after much patient suffering on his own part and that of the schoolmaster to get him the requisite second-class certificate of education. Both were a good deal surprised when it came out all right, and it was perhaps lucky that certain sums, over which our Tommy would have torn his hair had it been of a possible length, somehow found their way, neatly worked out on a piece of blotting-paper, under his nose at the right moment of his examination.

WOOING BELLONA

Dignity did not make him proud: he was the same simple, good-natured fellow as of old, and would say it was not his doing that he had got to be what he was, but the Colonel's, and the old mother's, and—Tommy would stop and look up and down, and nod his head with deep and reverent meaning:

"Say there ain't a God?" said Tommy, "or He don't pay no attention to you? Look at me! You just try!"

Tommy reached the height of his earthly apothesis when sword, peaked cap, and the title, position, and pay of Drill-Sergeant were awarded him. He had his photograph re-taken, very stiff and soldierly, and sent it to his mother, who thereupon wrote and said she must see her boy's greatness with her own eyes. When she came, she could not see much for tears of rapture, but she felt his sword, and smoothed his silk sash, and patted him all over; and Tommy was a proud and happy Tommy that day, for Daddy himself, chancing to come on them in the barrack yard, told Dame Hood how good her son was, and what a credit to the battalion and to her. She could have kissed his feet, but she only dropped breathless curtesies and gave him a mother's blessing, which is acceptable even to a Colonel of the White Guards. She thought as she went home of how Tommy would some day come and take a last kiss and close her eyes, and in all his grandeur follow her coffin to a grave in the little green churchyard where lay the father who had only known him as a dull and troublesome lad. But the sorrow of thinking how long, long before he might have made her as joyful a mother as she was now was spared to Tommy. The old mother was to follow her boy, not he to follow her.

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Tommy was informed that he was the best drill in the brigade, and was complimented on his clear word of command by high officials. It was even whispered that Tommy had given his gracious Sovereign a headache by his trumpet tones. Nervous or idle officers of Volunteers winced under the force of Tommy's lungs and the pointed character of his remarks. The best drill, was he? Well, he would live up to that.

"I ain't going to disgrace them that took a interest in me when I was down, now I'm up," said the steadfast Tommy.

So he shouted louder than ever, and injured his vocal cord, and was sent to hospital, to his own great loathing and that of some of his fellow-patients, whom he drilled in his sleep, and out of theirs.

Tommy fretted at being torn from his beloved work. He had never been very strong, and had not led the best of lives at one time. He went out of hospital several times, but only to go back again, in spite of all his pluck. Then he developed consumption, and had to stay.

Now that he was really ill, he showed a soldier's patience and cheerfulness, though when he spoke of his work there was a poignant accent of regret in his feeble and husky tones. The poor old mother came to see him, and wept inconsolably—for a different cause this time; and Tommy tried to cheer her, representing to her how much better this was than if he had been knocked over the head in a pub, as he might have been but for the Colonel, and—Tommy was a little nearer now, and had, therefore, simpler, truer and closer relations with the great King of Kings—"One above."

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It was a good thing that Tommy's farewells were said and his small arrangements, including a much-appreciated visit from the Colonel, made at this time, for, like many consumptive cases, he was delirious for the last twenty-four hours of his life. Still, the master passion was strong. When Tommy lay dying in the cold, clear sunshine of just such another winter's morning as that on which he had been promoted by mistake, his flaxen head tossed on the pillow, and above the two red spots on his cheeks his two big bright eyes stared at phantom companies and battalions. A great fit of coughing had stilled his busy tongue a little while. But suddenly he rose up with the strength of the dying, supported himself on one elbow, and tried to clear the mist of death from his eyes with his hand.

"Parade all present, sir," he said. "I—I thank you—ain't worth it; but I'll have a good try, Colonel—Daddy!" His hand went up to his forehead with the old precise salute. "Pretty well done! Yes, my lord—my—Lord. Right turn! Ah, it was a right turn!"

He lay back on the pillow, his lips fluttered in a faint "Dismiss!" and, with a sweet, serene smile that slightly settled upon them permanently, Tommy was dismissed, and went to receive a further promotion, in which no mistake was at all possible.

THE STORY OF THE TWIN BROTHERS

JUSTICE OF NAPOLEON

By D. H. PARRY

WITH DRAWINGS BY FRANK MCKERNAN

NEAR the village of Paterswalde, a ridge of rising ground cut the sky line at an angle, and on its highest point a mounted sentinel sat grimly motionless, carbine on thigh, his figure silhouetted against the summer night.

Behind him lay the picket, and, still farther to the rear, the Grande Armée was sleeping around the little town, with Napoleon in its midst.

The ridge sloped down to a broad causeway, the high road to Königsberg, and in the distance, dimly seen through the light mist that veiled the fertile plains of Prussia, other sentries dotted the rising ground, watching the highway with all their eyes and ears.

Less than a pistol-shot from the hussar vedette three men on horseback whispered in their saddles, peering up at him through the boughs of the copse that sheltered them.

"What do you make of him, Margadel; is he of the guard?"

"No, a chasseur of the line, or possibly a hussar—their shakos are almost identical."

"Well, what is to be done? The night is speeding. We must not delay."

"Leave that to me, General. I am going to view him at closer quarters." And the speaker quickly unbuckled his sword-belt and silently dismounted from his horse.

Creeping, pausing, now on hands and knees, now lying flat on his stomach, gliding snakelike through the flowering grasses, the man on foot was worming his way toward the man on horseback.

Had it been day, one would have seen how like in feature and in build the two men were—the motionless sentinel, and the crouching spy silently nearing him, with mouth hard set, and a knife fastened in his girdle.

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The same regular features, the same curling hair, each with a brown mustache twisted up at the corners, and the same gray eyes that had once opened at daydawn side by side in the twins' cradle.

The man in the grass, looking up, finds that the man in the saddle is almost above him; he could reach out an arm and touch the hanging scabbard if he wished, but that is not what he has come to do, and drawing the knife he raises himself to his knees.

"Seraphine, what is it you hear?" says the trooper caressingly. "Steady, ma belle!" And the whispered words have saved him.

The spring falls short, the blow loses its power, the blade of the brother's knife shreds off some of the white braiding and gray sheepskin from the trooper's brown pelisse, and the deep voice suddenly exclaims: "Mon Dieu, Gaston, is it thou?"

The two men looked at each other, the one bending down in his saddle, the other standing up close to the mare's shoulder.

"Why in that dress, Cyprien?" said the hussar, pointing to the uniform of a Russian infantry officer which the Frenchman wore.

"Hush, Gaston, speak lower; sound travels far on a night like this. I will tell thee, but please have the goodness to keep the muzzle of that carbine out of my ear.

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"I and my companions—two Russian Generals, by the way—must pass your post and reach Konigsberg by the road down there; fortunately you are the vedette tonight, and will give us the password; as for myself—it is this way: You know I have always had a certain knack at cards, and having cleaned out every officer in my division, the game grew too warm, and I took service under the Czar five years ago—men are richer there, and I have been fortunate. I am now Captain in the regiment of Wyborg, engaged on a special mission. If I choose to fight under the Russian eagle and you under that of France—well, it is a difference of opinion which concerns neither of us over deeply. We may never meet again, nor do I suppose you have troubled your head very greatly about one who was always considered the scamp of the family.

"Pah! Soldiering under the Corsican must be poor work. See, I am a Captain, and you, why, not yet a Corporal. Listen; you might do worse than gallop this troop-horse along with us. Old Bennigsen owes me three thousand roubles, and I doubt not were I to cry quits he would find a pair of silver epaulets for those broad shoulders."

In the meantime that wary and estimable officer, the Capitaine Bonninière, active and keen-sighted as ever laid hand on sabre hilt, was going the round of his sentries—alone, and on foot; for they were in the presence of an energetic enemy.

Suddenly he came to a dead stop and opened both ears very wide indeed.

•

The vedette before him, whom he knew to be the smartest man in the whole escadron, was talking with some one—an earnest conversation, too, for the voices rose and fell, now in anger, now falling to a pleading tone.

Bonninière's mustache bristled with fury.

"Hein, what was that? Wrangling on the extreme vedette! Some one would have to suffer. Thunder and horseflesh! Suppose it should reach the Emperor!"

He heard Cyprien's infamous proposals, and his face purpled with rage; then came Gaston's answer, and the worthy man felt an intense longing to embrace him.

"Cyprien," said the trooper in a firm voice, "your words are those of a scoundrel, and were you not my brother I would shoot you where you stand. A Frenchman to suggest this treachery to me, a soldier of the Emperor! Well is it that our father died sword in hand fighting for France! He at least was spared the knowledge of this."

"Zut, my good moralizer—as you like—only give me the password, and I will go. I have my boots full of dispatches, which must be at headquarters before dawn."

"No," replied the hussar gravely. "Already I have transgressed my duty by conversing so long. Even now the Russians may be at hand. You compromise my honor and my life, but what can I do? If I let you go I deserve to be shot; if I detain you, you will die the death of a renegade, and how am I to face our mother after that?"

Cyprien Margadel stamped impatiently.

"Now, see, Gaston, listen to reason for one moment." But the vedette stood up in his stirrups suddenly, craning forward to listen to something else—the sound of hoofs on the road before him!

"Qui va là?" he cried loudly.

"Fool! They are only my companions, tired of waiting, and trying the way for themselves. Quick, the word!" hissed the other, grasping the hussar's carbine.

He had forgotten that it was fastened by a swivel and sliding-bar to the chest belt, and Gaston lurched heavily over toward him.

"Let go, or I shall fire," he said, spurring the mare and wrestling hard for the weapon.

"No, no," thundered a deep voice as the Capitaine Bonninière sprang up from the ground. "Leave the scoundrel to me. Look to those others in the road."

Gaston felt his brother's grip leave the barrel, and heard a smashing blow and a heavy fall as he swung the carbine round and aimed in the direction of the Russians, but the powder had been shaken out of the pan in the struggle, and the officers, hearing the voices, left Cyprien to his fate.

"Peste! They are gone," exclaimed the Capitaine, husky with passion, "but we have one of them, and a pretty villain, too."

He hauled him roughly to his feet, half stunned, the relief coming up at the moment and halting on the road beside them.

•

"Double this post, Sergeant Eperon, and place two men on the road down there. Tell the Lieutenant to take the guard until I return. We have a prisoner here for the Emperor. Margadel, follow me." And with the sinewy fingers of his left hand grasping the renegade's collar, he strode in the direction of the Quartier-Général.

In a bare room which seemed to have been a kitchen, strewed with a litter of campaigning trunks, open valises, books and maps, an iron bedstead with white hangings, a carved crucifix on the wall, on which some one had hung a sword-belt, stood the great Napoleon. An aide-de-camp, who had been writing, looked up, waiting.

Half a dozen candles, one stuck in a wine bottle, partially illumined the room, glinting on the drawn sabres of the chasseur escort and the buttons of several officers present.

The Capitaine Bonninière had told his story, dwelling much on Gaston's loyalty to France and the Emperor, and leaving the treason of Cyprien to speak for itself.

Several papers, some of considerable importance, had been taken from Cyprien Margadel's boots, and the culprit stood before them barefooted but unabashed.

"'YOU CAN SAVE YOUR BROTHER'S LIFE AND HELP IN SOME MEASURE TO WIPE OUT THE STAIN UPON YOUR OWN SOUL'"

Napoleon possessed the power of banishing all expression from his face at will, and now, as he half leaned against the doorway of an inner room, his visage told nothing that was passing in his mighty mind.

Calm, impassive, a little pale, he looked from one to the other, and fixed his gaze at last on Gaston Margadel.

"Your regiment is the Second Hussars?" he said sternly, and with great deliberation.

"Yes, sire."

"And you have disgraced your corps. You have allowed the enemy to approach your post; you let yourself be fooled into conversation while two Russian officers crept by you and escaped. As a soldier, you know that your just punishment is death!"

•

Bonninière bit his nether lip till the blood trickled over his chin, and some of the escort turned very white, for they loved Gaston.

"He was my brother, sire, and we were twins!" said Gaston entreatingly, his head falling forward onto his breast.

"A soldier has no kindred but his country's welfare. Discipline stands in need of an example—you will be shot at dawn!"

"Gaston, forgive me! I have brought you to this; oh, rather a thousand times my knife had not slipped; you would have died at your post, and the Army would have mourned you. Sire," continued the renegade, with terrible earnestness, extending both arms in a gesture of entreaty toward Napoleon, "spare him for the sake of our aged mother; my life is forfeited beyond all mercy; do not take both her sons; you would have done as he did, had it been your own brother! Have mercy on him!"

The Emperor remained silent.

Then the Capitaine Bonninière found his voice, and pleaded with rugged eloquence for the soldier. "Your Majesty, parbleu, but it was my fault; he would have shot the scoundrel, mille diables, Sire. I ask Your Majesty's pardon, but it is true; his finger was on the trigger when I cried, 'Do not fire,' and I am entirely to blame."

And still the Emperor said not a word, but kept his gray eyes fixed on the two young men, his mouth growing sterner as he gazed.

Duroc stood behind the Emperor, and Napoleon, motioning with his head to him, whispered for some moments in his ear.

Duroc started, and scanned the brothers closely; nodded and replied in a low tone.

Then Napoleon spoke aloud.

"Let the escort withdraw; Bonninière, stay where you are; and you, the prisoners, listen to me. Pay strict attention."

In a moment the room was cleared, and the Emperor walked up to Cyprien.

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"You can save your brother's life," he said, "and help in some measure to wipe out the stain upon your own soul."

The spy drew himself up and set his teeth.

"Take off that uniform which you disgrace, and which alike disgraces you"; and he indicated by a contemptuous gesture the green coat with sky-blue facings of the Russian regiment of Wyborg.

"You," he continued, turning to Gaston, "strip yourself; you are no longer in the Second Hussars."

Silently they obeyed, and stood in their shirts before the Emperor.

Bonninière's eyebrows arched themselves until his forehead was as wrinkled as a ploughed field, and he well-nigh pulled his mustache out by the roots, for the two brothers presented each an exact fac-simile of the other, save that Gaston's chest was badly scarred by an old bayonet wound.

"Where did you get that?" said the Emperor, pointing to the scar.

"At Austerlitz, sire."

"Umph, and only a private still; promotion is slow in the Chamborant."

He turned again to Cyprien.

"Put on this uniform, and make haste! Bonninière, show him how it goes; one lesson will suffice, for he will never take it off again."

Cyprien became ghastly pale, but obeyed, and he was soon dressed in the gay costume of the Second—the transformation was complete—it was Gaston Margadel who stood before them.

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Napoleon took a pinch of snuff, replaced the box in the pocket of his waistcoat, and addressed the Marshal:

"Duroc, take Gaston Margadel away and find him some clothes; in the meantime muffle him in that cloak there. In an hour, you go to Ney, at Intersburg, who has with him the Tenth Horse Chasseurs, which has lately lost several officers. Enter Gaston Margadel in that regiment as sous-Lieutenant under whatever name you please. For a time, at least, his identity must be lost; in the future his career shall be my especial care. Go, sir. Let this be a warning that discipline is a soldier's first duty. It must never be neglected."

To Cyprien he said, when the door of the cottage had closed upon Duroc:

"At daybreak you consent to be shot before the Army as Gaston Margadel, to save your brother's life?"

"Yes, sire."

"You will say nothing; you recognize the justice of this?"

"Yes, sire."

"Bonninière, see to it; and, gentlemen all, silence on your honor!"

When the dawn broke in the east, Napoleon was sleeping calmly in his narrow camp-bed.

The men of his escort, outside in the village street, wiped the dew from their brass scabbards, and spoke in hushed voices.

When the distant volley of small arms rattled in the morning air, followed by the muffled roll of drums, it was a relief.

A little later, Duroc, booted and spurred, drew back the curtain of the Emperor's bed.

"Ha, Duroc, returned already?"

"Yes, Your Majesty; it is all over. The Margadel affair, I mean."

"Well, the troops would not suspect. The example is a good one?"

"I believe so; the firing party did their work as I rode past," replied the Marshal.

"Good—and the prisoner?" queried Napoleon, raising himself on his elbow.

"He is dead, and he said nothing!"

EDITOR'S NOTE—This story, the Justice of Napoleon, is taken from Cassell's Family Magazine.

MERELY

The Courtship of

By Henry

"MY DEAR," said the elder man, "as I've told you a thousand times, what you need is a love affair with a red-haired woman."

"Bother women," said the younger man, "and hang love affairs. Women are a pack of samenesses, and love-affairs are iterations."

They were seated at a round table, gay with glass and silver, in a pretty, rather high-ceiled, little grey-and-gold breakfast-room. The French window stood wide open to the soft June day. From the window you could step out upon a small balcony; the balcony overhung a terrace, and a broad flight of steps from the terrace led down into a garden. You could not perceive the boundaries of the garden; in all directions it offered an indefinite perspective, a landscape made up of green lawns and shadowy alleys, bright parterres of flowers, bubbling fountains, and tall, bending trees.

I have spoken of the elder man and the younger, though really there could have been but a trifling disparity in their ages: the elder was perhaps thirty, the younger seven-or-eight-and-twenty. In other respects, however, they were as unlike as unlike may be. Thirty was plump and rosy and full-blown, with a laughing, good-humored face, and merry big blue eyes; eight-and-twenty, thin, tall, and listless-looking, his face pale and aquiline, his eyes dark, morose. They had finished their coffee, and now the plump man was nibbling sweetmeats, which he selected with much careful discrimination from an assortment in a porcelain dish.

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"Women are a pack of samenesses," he grumbled, "and love affairs are iterations."

"Oh," cried out his comrade, in a tone of plaintive protest, "remember I said red-haired. You can't pretend to declare that red-haired women are the same."

"The same, with the addition of a little henna," the pale young man argued wearily.

"It may surprise you to learn that I was thinking of red-haired women who are born red-haired," his friend remarked.

"In that case," said he, "I admit there is a difference—they have white eyelashes. Is all this apropos of boots?" he questioned.

The other regarded him solemnly. "It's apropos of your immortal soul," he answered, nodding his head. "It's medicine for a mind diseased. The only thing that will wake you up and put a little life and human nature in you, is a love affair with a red-haired woman. Red in the hair means fire in the heart. It means all sorts of things. If you would please me, Uncle, you'll go and fall in love with a red-haired woman."

The younger man, whom the elder addressed as Uncle, shrugged his shoulders and gave a little sniff. Then he lighted a cigarette.

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The elder man left the table and went to the open window. "Heavens, what weather!" he exclaimed fervently. "The day is made of perfumed velvet. The air is a love-philter. The whole world sings romance. And yet you—insensible monster!—you can sit there torpidly——" But abruptly he fell silent. His attention had been caught by something below, in the garden. He watched it for an instant from his place by the window; then he stepped forth upon the balcony, still watching. Suddenly, facing half-way round, "By my merry bauble, Nunky," he called to his companion, and his voice was tense with surprised exultancy, "as I live, she's got red hair!"

The younger man looked up with vague eyes. "Who? What?" he drawled out languidly.

"Come here, come here," his friend urged, beckoning him. "There," he indicated, when the pale man had joined him, "below there—to the right—picking roses. She's got red hair. She's sent by Providence."

A woman in a white frock was picking roses in one of the alleys of the garden; rather a tall woman. Her back was turned toward her observers; but she wore only a light scarf of lace over her head, and her hair—dim gold in its shadows, where the sun touched it—showed a soul of red.

The younger man frowned and asked sharply, "Who the deuce is she?"

"I don't know," replied the other. "One of the Queen's women, probably. But whoever she is, she's got red hair."

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The younger man frowned more fiercely still. "What is she doing in the King's private garden? This is a pretty state of things." He stamped his foot angrily. "Go down and turn her out. And I wish measures to be taken that such trespassing may not occur again."

But the elder man laughed. "Hoity-toity! Calm yourself, Uncle. What would you have? The King is at a safe distance, hiding in one of his Northern hunting-boxes, sulking, and nursing his spleen, as is his wont. When the King's away, the palace mice will play—at lèse majesté, the thrilling game. If you wish to stop them, persuade the King to come home and show his face. Otherwise, we'll gather our rose-buds while we may; and you may depend on it, I'm not the man to cross a red-haired woman."

"You're the Constable of Bellefontaine," retorted his friend, "and it's your business to see that the King's orders are respected."

"The King's orders are so seldom respectable; and then, I've a grand talent for neglecting my business. I'm trying to elevate the Constableship of Bellefontaine into a sinecure," the plump man explained gently. "But I'm pained to see that your sense of humor is not escaping the general decay of your faculties. What you need is a love affair with a red-haired woman; and yonder's a red-haired woman, dropped from the skies for your salvation. Go—engage her in talk—and fall in love with her. There's a dear," he pleaded.

"Dropped from the skies," the pale man repeated, with mild scorn. "As if I didn't know my Hilary! Of course, you've had her up your sleeve the whole time."

"Upon my soul and honor, you are utterly mistaken. Upon my soul and honor, I've never set eyes on her before," Hilary asseverated warmly.

"Ah, well, if that's the case," suggested the pale man, turning back into the room, "let us make an earnest endeavor to talk of something else besides red-haired women."

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The next afternoon they were walking in the park, at some distance from the palace, when they came to a bridge over a bit of artificial water; and there was the woman of yesterday, leaning on the parapet, throwing breadcrumbs to the carp. She looked up as they passed, and bowed, with a little smile, in acknowledgment of their raised hats.

When they were out of earshot, "H'm," muttered Hilary, "viewed at close quarters she's a trifle disenchanting."

"Oh?" questioned his friend. "I thought her very good-looking."

"She has too short a nose," Hilary said.

"What's the good of criticising particular features? The general effect of her face was highly pleasing. She looked intelligent, interesting; she looked as if she would have something to say," the younger man insisted.

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"It's very possible she has a tongue in her head," admitted Hilary; "but we were judging her by the rules of beauty. For my fancy, she's decidedly too tall."

"She's tall, but she's well proportioned. Indeed, her figure struck me as exceptionally fine. There was something sumptuous and noble about it," declared the other.

"There are scores of women with fine figures in this world," said Hilary. "But I'm sorely disappointed in her hair. Her hair is nothing like so red as I'd imagined."

"You're daft on the subject of red hair. Her hair's not carrot-color, if you come to that. But there's plenty of red in it, burning through it. The red is managed with discretion—suggestively. And did you notice her eyes? She has remarkably nice eyes—eyes with an expression. I thought her eyes and mouth were charming when she smiled," the pale man affirmed.

"Charming when she smiled? I didn't see her smile," reflected Hilary.

"Of course she smiled—when we bowed," his friend reminded him.

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"Oh, Ferdinand Augustus," Hilary remonstrated, "will you never learn to treat words with some consideration? You call that smiling, do you? Two men take off their hats, and a woman gives them just a look of bare acknowledgment; and Ferdinand Augustus calls it smiling!"

"Would you have wished her to give us a broad grin?" asked Ferdinand Augustus. "Her face lighted up most graciously. I thought her eyes were charming. Oh, she's certainly a good-looking woman—a distinctly handsome woman, in my opinion."

"Handsome is that handsome does," said Hilary with a provoking wink.

"I miss the relevancy of that," said Ferdinand Augustus.

"She's a trespasser. 'Twas you yourself who flew in a passion about it yesterday. Yesterday she was plucking the King's roses; to-day she's feeding the King's carp."

"'When the King's away the palace mice will play.' I venture to recall your own words to you," Ferdinand remarked.

"That's all very well. Besides, I spoke in jest. But there are limits. And it's I who am responsible. I'm the Constable of Bellefontaine. Her trespassing appears to be habitual. We've caught her at it ourselves two days in succession. I shall give instructions to the keepers to warn her not to touch a flower, nor feed a bird, beast or fish, in the whole of this demesne. Really, my duty demands that she be called to account. Indeed, I must admit that I admire the cool way in which she went on tossing breadcrumbs to the King's carp under my very beard!" exclaimed Hilary, working himself into a fine state of indignation.

"Very likely she didn't know who you were," his friend reasoned. "And, anyhow, your zeal is mighty sudden. You appear to have been letting things go at loose ends for I don't know how long; and all at once you take fire like tinder because a poor woman amuses herself by throwing bread to the carp. It's simply spite: you're disappointed in the color of her hair. I shall esteem it a favor if you'll leave the keeper's instructions as they are. She's a good-looking woman; and I'll beg you not to interfere with her diversions."

"I can deny you nothing, Uncle," said Hilary, by this time restored to his accustomed easy temper; "and therefore she may make hay of the whole blessed establishment if she pleases. But as for her good looks—that, you'll admit, is entirely a question of taste, and taste admits of no argument."

"Ah, well; then the conclusion is that your taste needs cultivation," laughed Ferdinand. "By-the-by, I shall be glad if you will make an effort to find out who she is."

"Thank you very much," cried Hilary. "I have a reputation to safeguard. Do you think I'm going to compromise myself and set all my underlings a-sniggling by making inquiries about the identity of a woman?"

"But," persisted Ferdinand, "if I ask you to do so, as your——"

"What?" was Hilary's brusque interruption as he turned to Ferdinand.

"As your guest," said Ferdinand.

"'Mille regrets, impossible,' as the French have it," Hilary returned. "But as your host, I give you carte-blanche to make your own inquiries for yourself—if you think she's worth the trouble. Being a stranger here, you have, as it were, no character to lose."

"After all, it doesn't matter," said Ferdinand Augustus, with an air of resignation.

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But the next afternoon, at about the same hour, Ferdinand Augustus found himself alone, strolling in the direction of the little stone bridge over the artificial lakelet; and there again was the woman, leaning upon the parapet, dropping breadcrumbs to the carp. Ferdinand Augustus raised his hat; the woman bowed and smiled.

"It's a fine day," said Ferdinand Augustus, with his most courtly air.

"It's a fine day—but a weary one," the woman responded, with an odd little movement of the head, which might be translated as expressive either of disappointment or ennui.

EDITOR'S NOTE—This story, Merely Players, is taken from Comedies and Errors, a collection of short stories by Henry Harland. Published by John Lane, New York.

PLAYERS

Ferdinand and the King

Harland

Ferdinand Augustus was perhaps too shy to pursue the conversation; perhaps he mistrusted the meaning of that movement of the well-poised head; perhaps he wanted but little here below nor wanted that little long. At any rate, he passed on through the garden. There could be no question about her smile this time, he reflected; it had been bright, spontaneous, friendly. But what did she mean, he wondered, by adding to his general panegyric of the day as fine that special qualification of it as a weary one?

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It was astonishing that any man should dispute her claim to beauty. She had really a splendid figure, and her face was more than pretty—it was distinguished. Her eyes and her mouth, her clear-gray sparkling eyes, her softly curved red mouth, suggested many agreeable possibilities—possibilities of wit, and of something else. It was not till four hours later that he noticed the sound of her voice. At dinner, in the midst of a discussion with Hilary about a subject in no obvious way connected with her (about the Orient Express, indeed—its safety, speed, and comfort), it suddenly came back to him, and he checked a remark upon the advantages of the corridor carriage to exclaim in his soul, "She's got a delicious voice. If she sang it would be a mezzo."

On the following day he again bent his footsteps in the direction of the little stone bridge,

"It's a lovely afternoon," he said, bowing.

"But a weary one," said she, smiling, with a little pensive movement of the head.

"Not a weary one for the carp," he hinted, glancing down at the water, which boiled and bubbled with a greedy multitude.

"Oh, they have no human feelings," said she. "They have no human longings."

"Don't you call hunger a human feeling?" he inquired, growing bolder.

"They have no human feelings; but I never said we hadn't plenty of carp feelings," she answered him.

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He laughed. "At all events, I'm pleased to find from our brief acquaintance that we're of the same way of thinking."

"Are we?" asked she, raising surprised eyebrows and looking him full in the face.

"You take a healthy pessimistic view of things," he submitted.

"I? Oh, dear, no. I have never taken a pessimistic view of anything in my life."

"Except of this poor summer's afternoon, which has the fatal gift of beauty and of radiancy. You said it was a weary one."

"People have sympathies," she explained, "and besides, that is a watchword." And she scattered a handful of crumbs, thereby exciting a new commotion among the carp.

Her explanation no doubt struck Ferdinand Augustus as obscure; but perhaps he felt that he scarcely knew her well enough to press for enlightenment. "Let us hope that the fine weather will last," he said, with a polite salutation, and resumed his walk.

But, on the morrow, "You make a daily practice of casting your bread upon the waters," was his greeting to her. "Do you expect to find it at the season's end?"

"I find it at once," was her response, "in the entertainment which it affords me."

"It entertains you to see those shameless little gluttons making an exhibition of themselves!" he cried out.

"You must not speak disrespectfully of them," she reproved him. "Some of them are very old. Carp often live to be two hundred years old, and some scientists say they grow gray, for all the world like men."

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"They're like men in twenty particulars," asserted he, "though you, yesterday, denied it. See how the big ones elbow the little ones aside; see how fierce they all are in the scramble for your bounty. You wake their most evil passions. But the spectacle is instructive. It's a miniature presentment of civilization. Oh, carp are simply brimful of human nature. You mentioned yesterday that they have no human feelings. You put your finger on the chief point of resemblance. It's the absence of human feeling that makes them so hideously human."

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She looked at him with eyes that were interested, amused, yet not altogether without a shade of raillery in their depths. "That is what you call a healthy pessimistic view of things?" she questioned.

"It is an inevitable view, if one honestly uses one's sight or reads one's newspaper."

"Oh, then I would rather not honestly use my sight," said she; "and as for the newspaper, I only read the fashions. Your healthy pessimistic view of things can hardly add much to the joy of life."

"The joy of life!" he expostulated. "There's no joy in life. Life is one vast fabric of hardship, peril and insipidity."

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"Oh, how can you say that," cried she, "in the face of such beauty as we have about us here? With the pure sky and the sunshine, and the wonderful peace of the day; and then these lawns and glades, and the great green trees; and the sweet air, and the singing birds! No joy in life!"

"This isn't life," he answered. "People who shut themselves up in an artificial park are fugitives from life. Life begins at the park gates, with the natural countryside, and the squalid peasantry, and the sordid farmers, and the Jew money-lenders, and the uncertain crops and heavy rents."

"Oh, it's all life," insisted she, "the park and the countryside, and the virgin forest and the deep sea, with all things in them. It's all life. I'm alive, and I daresay you are. You would exclude from life all that is nice."

"Heaven forbid," he murmured devoutly. "I'm sure you're not, either. Only stupid people are logical, only dullards reason."

She laughed lightly. "My poor carp little dream to what far paradoxes they have led," she mused, looking into the water, which was now quite tranquil. "They have sailed away to their mysterious affairs among the lily-roots. I should like to be a carp for a few minutes, to see what it is like in those inviting, cool, dark places under the water. I am sure there are all sorts of strange things and treasures. Do you believe there are really water-maidens, like Undine?"

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"Not nowadays," he informed her, with the confident fluency of one who knew. "There used to be; but, like so many other charming things, they disappeared completely with the invention of printing, the discovery of America, and the rise of the Lutheran heresy. Their prophetic souls——"

"Oh, but they had no souls, you remember," she corrected him.

"I beg your pardon; that was the belief that prevailed among their mortal contemporaries, but it has since been ascertained that they had souls, and very good ones. Their prophetic souls warned them what a dreary, dried-up planet the earth was destined to become, with the steam-engine, the electric telegraph, compulsory education (falsely so called), constitutional government, and the supremacy of commerce. So the elder ones died, dissolved in tears; and the younger ones migrated by evaporation to Neptune."

"Dear me! dear me!" she marveled. "How extraordinary that we should just have happened to light upon a topic about which you appear to have such a quantity of special knowledge! And now," she added, bending her head by way of valediction, "I must be returning to my duties."

And she moved off toward the palace.

And then, for three or four days he did not see her, though he paid frequent enough visits to the feeding-place of the carp.

"I wish it would rain," he confessed to Hilary. "I hate the derisive cheerfulness of this weather. The birds sing, and the flowers smile, and every prospect breathes sodden satisfaction; only man is bored."

"Yes, I own I find you dull company," Hilary responded, "and if I thought it would brisk you up I'd pray with all my heart for rain. But what you need, as I've told you, is a love affair with a red-haired woman."

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"Love affairs are tedious repetitions," said Ferdinand. "You play with your new partner precisely the same game you played with the old; the same preliminary skirmishes, the same assault, the same feints of resistance, the same surrender, the same subsequent disenchantment. They're all the same, down to the very same scenes, words, gestures, suspicions, vows, exactions, recriminations, and final break-ups. It's a delusion of inexperience to suppose that in changing you change the sport. It's the same trite old book, that you've read and read in different editions, until you're sick of the very mention of it. To the deuce with love affairs! But there's such a thing as rational conversation, with no sentimental nonsense. Now, I'll not deny that I should rather like to have an occasional bit of rational conversation with that red-haired woman we met the other day in the park. Only, the deuce of it is, she never appears."

"And then, besides, her hair isn't red," added Hilary.

"I wonder how you can talk such folly," said Ferdinand.

"*C'est mon métier*, Uncle. You should answer me according to it. Her hair's not red. What little red there's in it, it requires sunlight to bring out. In shadow her hair's a dull, brownish yellow," Hilary persisted.

"You're surely color-blind," retorted Ferdinand. "But I won't quarrel. The point is, she never appears. So how can I have my bits of rational conversation with her?"

"How, indeed?" echoed Hilary with pathos. "And therefore you're invoking storm and whirlwind. But hang a horseshoe over your bed to-night, turn round three times as you extinguish your candle, and let your last thought before you fall asleep be the thought of a newt's liver and a blind man's dog, and she may appear to-morrow."

I don't know whether Ferdinand Augustus accomplished the rites that Hilary prescribed, but it is certain that she did not appear on the morrow; not by the pool of the carp, but in quite another region of Bellefontaine, where Ferdinand was wandering at hazard.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

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Callithumpian's Dressing-Gown

"ELFREDA, something tells me you made this yourself."

"I did, Callithumpian. I made it with my own hands as a present for you. It's a dressing-gown."

Mr. Magruder held the present at arm's length and contemplated it with silent awe.

"When I gaze at the unearthly gorgeousness of this gown, Elfreda," he said at length, "and the conviction slowly but irresistibly forces its way into my mind that it is intended for me to wear, can you wonder that I hesitate. Elfreda," he exclaimed in a husky whisper, as he closed the blinds, "I will try it on. Be calm, darling."

"I am glad you like it, Callithumpian. You have been so good, so——"

"Heavens knows I have tried to be, Elfreda!" said the agitated young husband, wiping his fevered brow impulsively. "Which is the upper frontier of this—this magnificent garment?"

"Here it is, Callithumpian. But before you put it on, look at this beautiful design on the right shoulder. Isn't it nicely worked?"

"Elfreda, it is absolutely paralyzing!"

"You know what it is, of course?"

"Oh yes! It's the hanging of Old Brown."

"Oh, Callithumpian!" wailed the wife, "I meant it for the translation of the Prophet Elijah!"

"It will do for either, Elfreda," he gasped. "I'd wear anything that was made with your own fair hands, my darling," he continued, as he got it on wrong side out and hind side before, "if it was meant to be Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden, and looked like a three-tent circus and menagerie in a tornado. Don't cry, Elfreda! I'll wear it now if it costs me every friend I have in the world. I'd wear it if John Ruskin himself should ask me as a personal favor to take it off! Such love as mine will stand anything. Marriage is not a failure!"

But we have no business lingering about here, and listening. Let us withdraw quietly from the scene.—Chicago Tribune.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED A.D. 1728

Philadelphia, September 17, 1898

* * *

The American Habit of Jesting

APPRECIATION of humor requires a certain kind and degree of intellectual activity and development. The increase of mental culture and education in any body or nation must, to some extent, bring with it an enlarged idea of the scope and power of humor. So true is this, that the march of civilization and the intellectual progress of the nations of the earth could, in able hands, be well outlined by a series of articles on the humor of each century and an analysis thereof. A jest that would elicit peals of laughter from the dullest witted person of this land would not betray the chronic placidity of the stolid and reserved savage of Patagonia into the least twitch of appreciation. Alas for that nation or country where laughter is a lost or unknown art!

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That the readers of the present time appreciate fun and its rejuvenating power, is vouched for by the ready sale with which a new work from the pen of any popular humorist is received. Humor, to be genuine, must be based on knowledge of human character, its acts, its manner of thought, its strongholds and its weaknesses. The reports of the doings of the "Lime Kiln Club," that band of dark philosophers of Detroit, please us as the result of shrewd observation, plain truth oddly expressed.

The humor is merely the sauce, not the feast itself. It is when the banquet becomes all sauce that it cloys on our taste—and it is this that makes the regulation "funny" books so tedious. The fun is mechanical; we see just how it is manufactured, the model upon which each joke is framed, and the amount of exaggeration and bad spelling to be stirred in with the other ingredients to render the combination palatable. Humorists, like poets, are born, not made. Their power is a spirit which controls them, not a weapon that they control. The brightest bon mots are instantaneous, electric, almost unconscious, and often surprise the speaker as much as they do his hearers.

The tendency of American writers of the present day is to over-estimate the occasions for humor. There are subjects in life too grand, too noble, and too unselfish for the flippant jest. There are attributes of the human heart—honor, virtue, love, religion, and thoughts on death and eternity, awful and sacred, before which in reverent expectancy we wait, like Moses before the burning bush. The breaking of a public trust is a fearful sin in the sight of God and man, and whoever seizes it as a topic of humorous display, consciously or unconsciously, lowers the standard of morality by substituting a thoughtless, mocking laugh for a strong feeling of solemn horror and revulsion.

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Not long ago, a well-known humorist was announced to lecture. As he lingered in the ante-room of the crowded hall, a telegram informing him of the death of his mother-in-law was placed in his hands. Tender, loving, deep and fervent was the feeling between them, and he felt as though the angel of death had called his own dear mother. Staggering under the terrible blow, he informed the manager in a few hurried words of his bereavement and of the impossibility of his going on the platform. In despair the manager spoke of the enthusiastic audience, even then stamping impatiently for their favorite; expostulated, even raged, but all in vain.

At last, he urged the lecturer to at least make his own apology to the audience. With tear-dimmed eyes, barely seeing his way, he tottered to the footlights. Before that vast audience he held the telegraphic message of death, and in a voice choked and quivering with emotion, stammered out his apology—he could not lecture, as his mother-in-law had just died. That crowded house, hushed to catch the faint utterance of his opening words, burst into a storm of laughter and applause that seemed to shake the very rafters. The excuse seemed to them but an original witty overture to an evening's fun. The stricken man begged, implored, even prayed them to believe him; but that grand assemblage, blind victims to morbid humor, heard him not, and he made his way out into the open air as best he could, leaving them to discover later their cruel mistake. The mother-in-law joke, the relic of a past age, should be relegated to the oblivion it deserves. It has been but one of many instances of the danger of making all situations in life the subject of jest.

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When a Nation Advertises

THE Philippines, Cuba and Porto Rico are by no means the greatest conquests which the United States has made of late. Our field of conquest is the world; it is not a conquest of cities, of tribes or of territory; it is a vast trade conquest. We have only just entered upon this campaign, but a great amount of judicious advertising has been done. During the past few months the Government sank $150,000,000 in advertising; it necessitated the humiliation of the proud Spaniard, and it taught the nations of the world that we were the champions of freedom—freedom of thought, of government, and, incidentally, of trade.

For years we have dawdled along doing a little spasmodic advertising in South America, but returns were few; now we have placed ourselves prominently before the world as the supply-house of the nations. Before our slight misunderstanding with Spain, most of the civilized nations had heard of us; now our name is known around the world. We have opened branch houses in the West Indies and in the Pacific, and are ready to compete with Russia, France, Germany and England for the trade of the far East. Slowly but surely our trade has been growing, until during the fiscal year ended in June last our export of merchandise amounted to $1,210,274,015.

We are at present the centre of the world's interest, and many nations are learning that it pays to deal with us. In 1900 we will have an excellent opportunity to show to the world a line of samples at Paris, and they will there be exhibited side by side with those of the trading nations of the world. Whether we shall then make a creditable showing and win new trade conquests rests with the representative merchants of America, and that investment of $150,000,000 in judicious advertising should bring to America returns which will defy computation and be permanent and world-wide in extent.

* * *

The Business Side of Our Foreign Service

A REPORTER was recently sent to get some information from the President. The request could not be granted, and the young man told Mr. McKinley that to return to his paper without a "story" would mean his discharge. The President, who had known him for years, said, "If they discharge you, I'll make you a Consul." They did, and the President kept his word.

There is more than a mere anecdote in this. As a rule, we have not been careful enough in the choice of Consuls and foreign representatives. In some cases the places have been bestowed on literary men. They have been gentlemanly and scholarly representatives of our great nation, but what the country needs more sorely is men with the sharp business instinct more fully developed. It is to be a stubbornly contested race for the world's markets, and America should lead.

Here, too, the spoils system of politics deprives the country of the trained and permanent services that are making other countries strong. The Government is obliged by partisan clamor to do what no business man nor corporation would dream of doing toward an efficient employee, and is seldom free to choose its commercial representatives from sources promising the most effective service.

Few men trained in commercial or mercantile life are appointed to Consular offices, where such training would be most desirable. In recent years no country has extended its commercial interests so rapidly as Germany, and none has done so much toward building up a corps of young men to take charge of those interests. Officially, the principle of efficiency and continuous service now applies as much to the commercial as to the diplomatic service. In the new life into which the United States has entered it needs more of the business man and less of the party worker to conduct its commercial affairs in foreign lands. Will practical politics ever permit such a National benefit?

* * *

Our Bulwark Against Worthless Books

THE rapid increase in the number of new books has been an occasion for sounding many well-timed notes of alarm. Cheap paper, cheap typesetting and cheap binding have now made it easy for almost any one to get a book printed, however worthless it may be as literature. Bookstores and circulating libraries are crowded with publications whose value to the community is of the slightest, whose influence is often positively harmful, and whose terms of life are certain to be brief if not altogether inglorious. One grows bewildered thinking of the Library of Congress, where a copy of every copyrighted book finds houseroom. What vast stores of printed books must gather there—the bad no less than the good, a few kernels of wheat lost in piles of chaff!

Books have, in fact, become more and more what newspapers and magazines have always been—publications whose terms of life are short. They are the favorites of a week, a month or a year, and, having had their brief summer-time of success, they go their destined silent way into oblivion. Among all the books of last year probably not ten per cent. can hope to linger a year longer, even as names in popular memory. Their day has passed away forever. Soon they will be as dead to fame and knowledge as yesterday's newspaper is, as useless and abandoned things as are the birds' nests whose tenants have gone South.

What is more, they are certain of another end—physical destruction, for they are printed on cheap pulp paper. It is the nature of pulp to turn yellow, then to decay, and finally to crumble into fragments which the winds can scatter. Here, then, lies our defense. Our bulwark against permanent life for worthless books lies in pulp. And praise be unto pulp!

Meanwhile, the books of real value, books from the minds of genius, those we will not willingly let die—what of these? Must they also meet the ruin that awaits all print impressed on pulp? On the contrary, for them will come a defender—the old, strong, durable paper made of rags. When the public has found out those books which have life and nature, charm and solace, books with souls, books meant for long life, our friends the publishers will print them in new editions on paper that can live. At the same time, with remorseless indifference, the publisher will abandon bad books, letting them fade away and perish in their own pulp. Praise again be unto pulp, and praise everlasting.

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The Stragglers After Glory

STRAGGLING along in the rear of our returning armies, there comes a great throng of ghostly shapes, their faces illumined by the glory of those who have gone before. There is the man, a thousand of him, who heard the first gun of the war fired; the men whose brothers handed the flag to the officer who raised it over Santiago; the men whose fathers patted Dewey on the head when he was a careless, innocent, stickey-faced child in far-off Vermont; the men who grasped the hand that once grasped Cervera's; the men who would have enlisted had not their doctors sternly forbidden them to think of such a thing; the girls who kissed Hobson and the girls who would have kissed him had they been given half a chance. There they come, a happy, shouting host, and long shall we have them with us.

Many of these vicarious heroes are old friends of ours, risen from the past to revel in this new time of fatness; for long after the Civil War was over their voices were loud in the land and their names in every newspaper. But among them are a few strangers, a half-dozen black-clad, sober-faced men, although as it proceeds this little group constantly receives accessions. They are the clergymen who converted Captain Philip.

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Advance of the Russians

TO-DAY commotion reigns among the nations of the world. Immense armies, jealously watching each other, maintain the neutrality of the Powers. A fierce desire for supremacy stirs each eager rival. And in this struggle for the balance of power Russia looms up dark and menacing. Soldier and statesman alike look with dread upon the coming of the Slav.

In her foreign relations Russia is the enigma of the age. Reach out to grasp her and she shrinks into the shadow; seek to disregard her and she rises up, inscrutable, threatening. China, in return for financial aid, has granted her the right of way for a railroad through Manchuria, and, for eighty years, the richest, most fertile and most beautiful portion of the Mongolian Empire will be a Russian dependency.

Wise in her domestic policy, skilful in diplomacy, Russia has marvelously extended her power, and this she has done for the gratification of her great ambition—the acquisition of seaports open throughout the year. That end attained, Russia will be strong on sea as well as land. Oppose her too far the Powers dare not; resist her too firmly they cannot. Bitterly resenting confinement to Arctic ports, awaiting the time when her Siberian mines shall yield gold sufficient to break down a great barrier of debt and poverty, daily instructing vast hordes in the arts of war, this mighty autocracy, with the musket ready for the hands of four and a half millions, is now prepared to establish her claims.

Upon the Mongols of China eternal night seems to have settled; the hands of Turkey are scarlet with the bloody infamy which nothing save the destruction of its Government can eradicate; China scorns enlightenment; Turkey abhors civilization. Russia, however, schooling her children in the arts and sciences, training her statesmen in diplomacy, sternly displaying her vast military power and martial genius, only bides her time for the full realization of her great dream of power.

TOLD OF OUR HEROES

Master Sigsbee's Stoicism.—Captain Sigsbee has two daughters, the younger of whom is an artist and is said to be her father's "chum" and confidante. The young son is an independent little fellow. While playing one day recently, one of his companions asked him if his father was not Captain of the St. Paul. "Don't know, but I guess if it ain't that it's Saint Matthew or some of those Bible fellows," he answered.

Then a boy asked him something about the Maine, to which he replied.

"Don't know anything about it. I guess I'll ask mamma."

"Why, my son," said his mother, "don't you remember that I read you papa's letters, telling all about it?"

"Well, I don't know. I did not listen."

"Why did you not listen?" asked Mrs. Sigsbee, in surprise.

"Because it was not my affair; it was papa's affair; if he wants me to know he'll tell me when he gets back," was the reply.

The Secret of Miles' Success.—Gen. Nelson A. Miles thus speaks of the valuable training which he received on a farm: "I lived as a farm boy the happiest days of my life. I think such a life had the greatest influence on my after success. It taught me habits of industry and economy, and its freedom and independence caused me to acquire the wise habit of thinking for myself."

An Interesting Coincidence.—In 1884, just as Commodore Schley returned from rescuing the survivors of the Greely Arctic Expedition, the Massachusetts Humane Society presented him with a handsome medal for his achievement, and Benjamin W. Crowninfield, one of the Bay State's great orators, was sent to Washington to make the presentation speech.

On the way to the capital Mr. Crowninfield fell in with an old and prominent resident of Boston, who took the privilege of asking the orator what his mission in Washington was. In reply the old gentleman was shown the medal and told what was to be done with it.

"Strange coincidence," mused the venerable gentleman from the Hub. "Forty-four years ago, in 1840, I rode over this same line and met Gen. Winfield Scott. I was as inquisitive then as now, and asked him where he was going. He said that a son of his friend, Mr. Schley, had been named for him, and that he was going to Maryland to see the baby. Nearly half a century is past, and now I find you going to Washington to carry a medal to the man that General Scott visited when the man was an infant."

General Wallace's Scant Fare.—One of the new recruits in camp at Camp Mount, in Indiana, a member of a prominent Crawfordsville family, remarked to Gen. Lew Wallace: "It's rather hard lines out here. We've had little to eat." "What have you had, my son?" asked the General, drawing the boy to a seat beside him. The youth related the bill of fare for the day. "Why, my boy," said General Wallace, "that's not bad. I lived for three days once on water and onions, and had no salt, either."

Learning the Points of the Compass.—Colonel Smith, of the First Regiment of California Volunteers, tells a story of one of the recruits at the Presidio. This is an Irishman and he was doing guard duty. "Do you know your orders, sentry?" asked the Colonel. "Yis, sor." "If you face the rising sun, your left hand would be on the north of you and your right hand to the south of you. What would be behind you?" "Me canteen, sor."

A Questionable Compliment.—Lieutenant Sharpe, of the Navy, was lately appointed to one of the vessels recently bought by the Government, and had an interview with the Secretary of the Navy. He observed that his new ship bore the same name as his wife, adding, with a smile, that she had hastened to remind him that it would be the first Josephine he had ever commanded. The Secretary seemed amused. A few days later the name was changed to the Vixen, and now Mrs. Sharpe wants to know why.

THE HOME LIFE OF TOLSTOI

THE RUSSIAN NOVELIST AT SEVENTY YEARS

by Isabel F. Hapgood

ON AUGUST 28, or September 9, according to the Russian calendar, Count Leon Nikolaevitch Tolstoi celebrated his literary jubilee.

The intellectual interest of his innumerable readers and admirers, the hearts of his innumerable friends, both at home and abroad, were concentrated upon him—upon his ever intensely interesting personality, I venture to think, even more than upon his work and ideas. Strange to say, that personality is known to the majority of his fellow-countrymen chiefly through his writings, for seldom has an author's personality so thoroughly impregnated his works (I am speaking now of his novels, not of his biographical writings and treatises of theories and opinions) without producing an impression of egotism or shallow self-study.

In so far as it can be considered self-study pure and simple, he illustrates best of all the old saying that "man is a microcosm"—for Leon Nikolaevitch is, assuredly, a whole little world in himself. It is a great pleasure and privilege to know the man. Then one understands better his attitude toward life; understands it in a way which is impossible to those who are ignorant of his native tongue and of his actual spirit.

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The first impression—the lasting impression—which he makes upon one is force. His gray, rather small eyes, peer out keenly and usually rather coldly from under shaggy brows and a shaggy beard. These, with his shaggy hair, and the decided stoop in his broad shoulders, his rather shuffling walk and peasant garb, give a general effect of roughness. Yet, despite his uncouth appearance, no one could ever mistake him for an ordinary Russian peasant, or even an ordinary man.

Tramping afoot in the country as no man of his social class does, or strolling about Moscow, weatherbeaten, humbly arrayed, no one could fail to recognize that he is, in a measure, masquerading. A brief conversation—if he overcome his habitual reserve and consent to talk—demonstrates that he is head and shoulders above the run of men. His eyes brighten and soften when he discusses his social or religious views, but the impression of force remains, while the potent charm of his character makes itself felt. When he talks, with vehemence or irony, of things which displease him, one shrinks from arousing his keen displeasure.

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What his home life really is, is an ever-interesting and ever-disputed question. That he possesses the loyal affection and admiration of his family is certain, though they may not all be at all times in sympathy with his views. It struck me that his attitude toward them was one of delicate aloofness, which by no means precluded warm affection or interest in their welfare, but which was deliberately calculated to leave them entire liberty to accept or reject the doctrines which he himself held.

The wisdom of these relations is apparent, when we consider how diametrically opposed to his are the Countess' ideas of life and education. And as it is, mother and children are enabled to preserve all possible independence and yet help the Count in his labors for the good of the people about him, or copy and prepare for the press those writings with which he hopes to promote the welfare of mankind at large.

And here, at the outset, it is proper that I should assert, in the strongest terms, that Count Tolstoi is neither "a crank" nor insincere, as it is the fashion to declare. A strong man, he has strong convictions, and the courage of these convictions. He has, also, literary skill; he is used to writing artistic novels. Though his natural gifts and his training for theological and philosophical arguments do not equal his novelistic genius—it would be out of proportion for one man to possess all the talents—he feels impelled by his conscience to print his convictions. Less gifted, less convinced, less powerful people content themselves with holding their peace; therefore, when they change their minds, there is no printed evidence of inconsistency for scoffers to lay hold on. That is the simple and true explanation of the accusations of insincerity and "crankiness."

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What is Count Tolstoi's ideal?

First, that every one should do everything for himself; also, that every one should help his fellow-men with their work—or do it for them, unquestioningly if need be—that is, if they are lazy. Evidently the two propositions cannot be carried out simultaneously. If every one did his duty according to part A, part B would be unnecessary. Moreover, one would have no time to execute part B; for even in the savage state the "buck" and the "squaw" divide the labors of life.

Rule No. 2 is equally difficult of execution, except for people who, like the Count himself, are not obliged to earn their daily bread by concentrating their efforts on one kind of hard labor at a time. It is this: A man should divide his time into four equal parts: one part should be devoted to tilling the soil; one part to manual labor at some skilled trade (Tolstoi practices shoemaking, but I have seen him blacking his boots, which were not the product of his own toil); one part to intercourse with his fellow men (which includes reading, writing and conversation); one part to eating and sleeping. I need not argue this question; all that is necessary is that the reader should imagine himself, under present conditions of life, applying this rule to himself or to his friends in general.

Does Count Tolstoi carry out these rules, and in his own family? Does he conscientiously follow out his theory that the true life is the life of the agricultural peasant, or—to put it a little differently—that a man's duty is to live like the peasants (or like the very poor, in peasantless lands like America), having nothing, do nothing which is denied to the peasants, in order that thereby the peasants, as a class, may be raised up?

The answer is: No. He has not succeeded in reconciling that pair of unreconcilable, mutually exclusive propositions either.

In Moscow he lives on the outskirts of the town, in a comfortable house, surrounded by garden and grove. In the neighborhood are many factories, which set him to thinking and make him unhappy. The house is spacious, but plain and unpretentious both inside and out. On the ground floor are the simply furnished sleeping-rooms, the kitchen and the dining-room. On the second floor are the Count's study, the drawing-room, and the big "hall" (all plainly furnished), which is indispensable in every Russian house for dancing, music, play-room, and a dozen other uses.

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The life that goes on in that house is that of every other well-to-do, but not very wealthy, Russian family. The Countess Tolstoi sees to it that her children are educated like other children of their station in life, with English nursery-governesses, French, German and Russian tutors, and the like, until they enter the customary schools or the university. Their raiment, food, horses, carriages, coachmen, lackeys are not different from other people's.

FROM HIS LATEST PORTRAIT

LEON N. TOLSTOI

He pleases to be a vegetarian, like the peasants; but his wife and his physician sometimes hold a Cabinet Council and coerce him to a more suitable diet. He pleases to dress like a peasant, and in this point no one ever interferes.

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He came to see us in peasant array, paralyzing the hotel servants by the spectacle, and when he took us for a walk in old Moscow, where the sidewalks are not wide enough for three abreast, he contentedly tramped along in the gutter. He goes afoot—or did, rather—like a peasant. "I cannot ride if I would; I never have any money," he said to me. He thought it wrong to ride, and believed even excessively long walks were good for him. His family and friends were not so sure about it, or about the advisability of his devoting his genius to religious and philosophical treatises, instead of to the novels and tales, which Nature certainly meant him to write.

In town he finds it hard to get the physical labor which he advocates, except by sawing wood, making the fires, and so on, as he has told us. In the country he can and does work in the fields, as far as his strength will permit, and otherwise carries out the quartering of the day, according to his theory, in a greater or less degree.

His country house, on the large estate ten miles from Tula, is even plainer than the house in town. It is merely one of the wings of the old manor house, somewhat enlarged to meet the demands of the growing family. The arrangement is much like that

FROM AN ORIGINAL PAINTING BY TOLSTOI'S SON

TOLSTOI AT WORK IN HIS FAMOUS ATTIC ATELIER

A genius ought always to have a strictly practical helpmeet, and that is precisely what the Countess Sophia Andreevna Tolstoi is. She very justly argues that, as her children must fight their battle with the world under existing conditions—not under the conditions advocated by her husband—they must be prepared for it in the same way that other children are. Moreover, as the elder children received that sort of training before her gifted husband evolved his socialistic ideas (to the practice point, at least), the younger children have a moral right to the same equipment. As she is a woman of strong will, she has effected this. But every woman will sympathetically realize what a hard time the Countess must often have had.

Geniuses are, proverbially "'gey ill to live wi'," as Carlyle's mother said of him. Countess Tolstoi once said to me, "I have never had time to be happy." A volume in a sentence! Indeed, there are two professions, generally regarded as highly desirable, which I do not consider as desirable in the least: that of King or Queen, and that of "helpmeet" to a real, born genius!

The Countess undertakes the entire care of the property, publishes his books, expends the proceeds, and so forth. In fact, several years ago he divided his property among the family, so that he can now feel that he is, in truth, what he has long been to all intents and purposes—a guest in the house. There he reigns, idolized by his family for his genius and his personal qualities. He eats and dresses, goes and comes as he pleases.

of the town house, except that the "hall" serves as dining-room in wet or cold weather (they eat out-of-doors whenever it is possible, like all Russians), and that the Count's famous study is on the ground floor, while there are several plainly furnished bedrooms on the second floor.

Much of Count Leon Tolstoi's famous work has been done in that study. When the weather permits, the family almost live out-of-doors. They eat, read, sew, play games, visit the peasants in the village at the park gates, have mushroom or picnic parties, drive or walk through the woods to the river to bathe, once or twice a day, and even occasionally (the younger members) sleep on the hay-cocks. In all these things the Count takes more or less part, according as the fancy seizes him. In the intervals he tills the soil, mows the hay, reads or writes.

I am afraid that he is a dreadful backslider, both in town and country, in at least one respect, so far as living up to his theory of the strictly Spartan peasant life is concerned. He has taken to riding a bicycle! Now, no peasant can afford any such luxury as a wheel or the time to ride it.

The Count's two eldest daughters ride with him, by way of precaution, and pleasure also, no doubt. As may be readily imagined, the Russian press had a good deal to say when the "peasant-Count" adopted this mode of locomotion!

And the children! Well, there have been fifteen of them, the Countess told me (Tolstoi has preached, for women, the heaven-prescribed vocation of the largest possible families, also the doctrine that celibacy is the true divine decree). Only eight of the children are alive now. The two oldest daughters have, at times, shared their father's views of life, in their personal devotion to him, and have tried to carry them out, in a greater or less degree, and for a longer or shorter length of time. They have had their serious peasant-costume period.

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The second daughter, when I knew her, washed her own clothes with the village women in the common pond, and ironed them herself. She slept on a hard plank, because the peasants have no beds. She milked the cows every night, in a peasant maiden's costume, plaited straw thatch for the peasant cottages, taught the peasant children (she had earned the diploma which confers the right to teach), and sometimes worked with the peasant women in the fields, until she fell ill, as she is not strong. She even took up shoemaking, under her father's tuition. But she said, as she showed me the shoes: "Papa had to do them all over for me." Of late she has tried literary work, as is natural in that atmosphere, and has translated Amiel's Journal into Russian.

The third son, also, named after his father, has written some short tales, in imitation of his father's. But the children of a genius labor at a disadvantage, though they get a hearing at the start, because of their father's name; it is unreasonably required of them, for the same reason, that they shall excel the father or hold their peace. There is no alternative; no one will ever acknowledge that the son is exactly the equal of the father; he is bound to be either greater or inferior.

There was one period, at least, when Count Tolstoi, this namesake son, and his two oldest daughters, Countesses Tatiana and Marya, really lived like peasants. That was during the famine, in the winter of 1891-2. The famine did not affect their Government (a Russian Government is something like an American State), but the neighboring Government of Ryazan suffered severely. The Count and his children and friends organized soup kitchens with the money which was sent to him from sympathizers. Some came from England; the greater part, I believe, from America.

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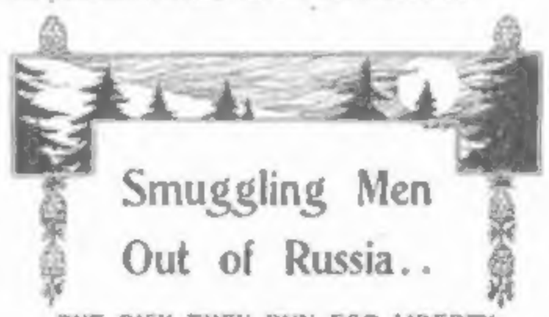
All Russian landed proprietors were toiling among their sufferers, but there was great need of outside funds, and Count Tolstoi's name and well-known sympathy for the peasants furnished the conjuring power abroad. That he and his family administered every penny with the wisest and most rigid economy is certain. But he fell ill, in his attempts at genuine peasant life—he always does, and very promptly, as is to be expected in a man no longer young—and his wife had to leave the rest of the family in Moscow and go down to nurse him. He really is "penny wise, pound foolish," in this insistence upon eating cheaply and earning his bread—his earnings are never paid him! It always ends in several hundred rubles' worth of doctor's bills—and, I hope, a peaceful conscience on his part.

If any one wishes to learn details of the Count's life, and of Russian life in general, let him read those magnificent books, War and Peace, and Anna Karenin. It must not be supposed that any one character entirely represents the Count, though Levin, in Anna Karenin, does come very close. One of his relatives told me that he had actually proposed to his wife in the manner Levin proposed to Kitty. I was also informed that the chief heroine of War and Peace, Natasha, is a composite portrait of his wife and her sister. The estate at Yasnaya Polyana is the one where Princess Marie (War and Peace) dwelt, and the Princess represents his mother, while in Prince Pierre and Prince Andre, not to mention many other characters, features of the great author's own mind and soul are readily recognizable to one who knows him.

The Count certainly does value his literary fame, in spite of what is sometimes asserted to the contrary; but more because it helps him to disseminate his religio-philosophical-socialistic ideas, I fear, however, than for its own sake or because he appreciates his priceless novels. As for his theories of life, while they have undoubtedly influenced some people, in a degree, there have been other Russians who not only have advocated them long before him, but several who have actually lived up to them better than he has (men of his own rank and greater), though they have not been heard of by the outside world. Assuredly, future generations will pronounce that Count Leon Tolstoi's legitimate claim to immortality is founded on his great novels, War and Peace, and Anna Karenin, and on his peasant Tales, not on his treatises.



THE RISK THEY RUN FOR LIBERTY

RUSSIA has been more than once described as a bad place to get into, a difficult place to get out of, and a very good one to stop away from altogether. This applies not only to Russians, but to foreigners as well, says Pearson's Weekly. A Russian can only leave his country with the express permission of the Powers that be, embodied in the form of a passport. The chief reason for this is the fact that the period of military service extends from twenty-one years of age to forty-three—that is to say, it covers the best and most useful part of every man's life.

There are many better things to do in the world than serving in the Russian Army, and, as passports are practically always refused where the military service has not been completed, thousands of Russians every year make attempts to get out of the country without them. In other words, emigration from Russia mostly takes the form of smuggling, the contraband being, in this case, human fugitives—both males and females.

The boundary line is watched on the western side by Austrian lancers, and dragoons in the south, and by German cavalry of the same class in the north, while on the east or Russian side of the line it is the Cossacks who are intrusted with the duty of patrolling the entire stretch, the watch there kept being of a far closer and more severe character, since the Muscovite guards have not only to prevent the ingress of smugglers and unauthorized strangers, but also to prevent the egress from the Empire of all subjects of the Emperor who are not furnished with official permits to travel abroad.

The result of this state of affairs has been the creation of an extensive enterprise for smuggling emigrants out of the country. The business is concentrated, in great measure, at those points where broad rivers constitute the boundary, since the watch kept there is less strict than where it consists of what are mere rivulets or milestones.

The affair is managed by ferrying the fugitives across the river from the Russian to the German shore, and, inasmuch as the banks of the Drewenz, and of the Prosna, as well as of the Szeszuppe, are low and lined with long reeds, low trees and marsh, the matter is not, after all, so difficult on a dark and moonless night, especially when the Cossack guards happen to have been plied with a larger amount of vodka than usual.

The smugglers are men of the most lawless class, who, before they undertook the smuggling of their countrymen out of the country, were engaged in smuggling dutiable goods into Russia; and the charge which they make for assisting a would-be emigrant to escape is heavy enough to make the business one of great profit to them.

The rates vary from ten to fifty and even a hundred dollars a head. In fact, the fugitive is charged to the limit, the only check upon the extortion being the keen competition among the smugglers to secure the trade.

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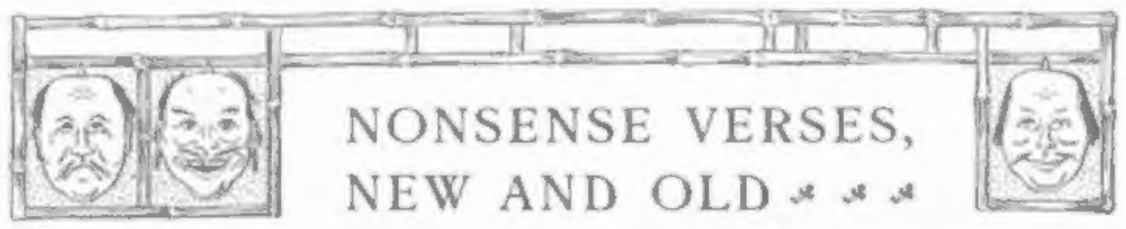
The majority of these emigrants are possessed of relatively large sums of money. It is only natural that, before leaving their homes in Russia, they should have converted into cash all their possessions, so as to enable them to make a good start abroad. Some of them have one thousand dollars, or even two or three thousand dollars, in their wallets.

This fact naturally excites the cupidity of the smugglers engaged in helping fugitives out of the country, with the result that from thirty or forty per cent. of those who trust the smugglers to ferry them across from the Russian to the German shore, never reach the latter shore alive.

There is little risk or danger of discovery, since, owing to the secrecy with which the police do everything in Russia, the relatives of the murdered man could never be sure that their missing kinsman had not been arrested by the authorities, and consigned to lifelong penal servitude for attempting to leave the country without a permit.



FUN-MAKERS AND THEIR WORK

By ST. JOHN E. C. HANKIN

FOR SOME thousands of years the world, in its dull way, has been devoting itself to the writing of "sense." It has been reserved for the nineteenth century to raise to a fine art the writing of nonsense, and thereby create a new form of art and a new department of humor. The creation was the work of two men, a mathematical professor and an ornithological painter. Perchance, when the names of Tennyson and Browning are forgotten, the fame of "Lewis Carroll" and Edward Lear will be still green.

The recent death of Mr. Dodgson has caused the newspapers to inquire somewhat curiously, but with no definite result, as to the relation of humor to pure mathematics. The works of Edward Lear raise an equally interesting question as to the relation of nonsense verses to ornithological painting. The answer to the two questions is practically one and the same. Mr. Dodgson was a student of Christ Church, and wrote Alice in Wonderland to amuse the nursery of the Dean. Mr. Lear was engaged to paint the Knowsley Menagerie for the thirteenth Earl of Derby, and invented his Book of Nonsense to amuse his patron's grandchildren.

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Nor does the resemblance between the two men end here. Mr. Dodgson preferred his mathematics to the Alices; Mr. Lear preferred his painting to his nonsense verses. Mr. Dodgson desired the world to look upon him as a mathematician; Mr. Lear desired it to look upon him as a painter.

The Book of Nonsense appeared in the year 1846. At first its greatness seems to have gone unrecognized, for the second edition did not appear till 1862. The British Museum contains no edition before the tenth. After that, however,

"Thick and fast they came at last,"

as "Lewis Carroll" sings, and became so popular that a twenty-seventh edition was issued in 1889, the year following Lear's death.

The "form" of nonsense verse, indeed, has become classical, and it may safely be prophesied that, like the ballad and the sonnet, it will never be permitted to die. One slight change in the treatment of the metre has, indeed, arisen. In the great majority of Lear's verses the last word of the fifth line repeats the last word of the first or the second, and the effect, in his hands, is often undeniably happy in its splendid simplicity. Let us take an instance:

"There was a young lady of Tyre,
Who swept the loud chords of a lyre,
At the sound of each sweep
She enraptured the deep
And enchanted the city of Tyre."

But in many cases the repetition is apt to be tedious, and the modern maker of nonsense verses usually finds it wiser to avoid it. Here is another musical one in the more elaborate method of to-day:

"There was a young lady of Rio,
Who once played in Haydn's Grand Trio,
Her skill being scanty
She played in *andante*
Though it should be *allegro con brio*."

I have been told that Lear himself objected strongly to this later deviation from the true nonsense verse form, though he himself, in the Book of Nonsense, occasionally condescended to it. Here is an instance:

"There was an old man who supposed
That the street door was partially closed,
But some very large rats
Ate his coats and his hats
While that futile old gentleman dozed."

Indeed, the objection to the repetition at the end of the fifth line of the word at the end of the first has been carried too far.

Some of the masterpieces of nonsense verse have adopted this form, and the repetition of the last word of the first or second line at the end of the fifth serves to emphasize the agreeable futility of the whole. Here are two, of which this is certainly true:

"There was an old man who said 'Well!
Will nobody answer this bell?
I have pulled day and night
Till my hair has grown white
But nobody answers this bell.'"

"There was a young lady of Parma
Whose conduct grew calmer and calmer,
When they said 'Are you dumb?'
She merely said 'Hum!'
That provoking young lady of Parma."

The modern nonsense verse usually lacks what I have called Lear's "splendid simplicity." It is not nonsensical enough. For example:

"There was an old monarch imperious,
Whose misdeeds were exceedingly serious;
The name of his home
Was the city of Rome,
And the name of the monarch—Tiberius!"

Here is one, by a later hand, which keeps up the Lear tradition as to form with much of the Lear simplicity, and the result is undeniably successful:

"There was an old person of Rye,
Who found he'd a mote in his eye,
But seeing his brother
Had a beam in the other,
Consoled that old person of Rye."

On the other hand, the nonsense verse of the Decadence cultivates a certain elaboration both of idea and of metrical effect which is looked for in vain in classical models:

"There was a young person of Delhi,
Who couldn't read Crocket's *Cleg Kelly*,
When they said 'It's the fashion,'
She got in a passion,
And said, 'So is Marie Corelli.'"

The humor of this cannot conceal the seeds of degeneracy which lurk in such a falling-away from the original Lear spirit.

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The Gilbert variant of this is worth recording. It is said that a party of wits, Mr. Gilbert among the number, sat down to compose original nonsense verses. Several complied, and it came to Mr. Gilbert's turn. From so eminent a humorist much was expected. He began:

"There was an old man up a tree,
Who was horribly bored by a bee (audible murmur)
When they said 'Is it small?'
He replied, 'Not at all!
It's almost large enough to be a hornet!'"

Needless to say, the termination was received with prolonged cheering. The verse as amended is given in many forms, but this is, I think, the best. Some fifteen years ago Truth had a nonsense verse competition, but it did not produce any very notable results. Here is the best one:

"There was a young person of Cheadle
Who, in church time, sat down on a needle,
But having a thread
Attached to its head,
It was promptly pulled out by the Beadle."

I am under the impression that the Rattle was responsible for the following:

"There was a young lady of Venice,
Who used hard boiled eggs to play tennis;
When they said, 'This is wrong!'
She replied, 'Go along,
You don't know how prolific my hen is!'"

What is it that makes a good nonsense verse? It is not elaborate rhyme; for some of the best are exceedingly poor or even incorrect in rhyme. What I may call the "three-rhymed" nonsense verses are not necessarily superior to those in which the last rhyming word merely repeats the first or second. But, indeed, mere metrical dexterity is the least of the virtues of a good nonsense verse. The essential thing is to have a really funny story to tell.

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Very elaborate rhyme is of secondary importance only. Here, for instance, is one whose value is rather diminished than otherwise by its elaborate rhyme:

"There was an old man of Westphalia,
Who grew visibly tail-y-er and tail-y-er,
Till he took on the shape
Of a Barbary ape,
With the consequent paraphernalia."

This is highly ingenious, but it is not funny, and humor is the essence of a successful nonsense verse. Those who practice this form of art would do well to eschew all mere ingenuity as far as possible. A touch of character, an unexpected turn of events, or a happy futility of idea or execution is worth any amount of purely technical skill. In fact, the perfect nonsense verse comes, as it were, by inspiration. It is born, not made. The idea, with its humorous possibilities, suggests itself, it falls automatically into the simplest, baldest form of words, and the thing is done. It is perfect as it stands. To elaborate it is fatal. Here is one, hitherto unpublished, which seems to me to answer all the requirements of a good nonsense verse of the best style:

"There was an old man who said 'Run,
For the end of the world has begun;
If you've got no excuse
You will go to the deuce,
I am really not speaking in fun.'"

The workmanship is simple to baldness, but the writer has a story to tell, and the underlying idea is a humorous one. Here is another which is praiseworthy:

"There was an old man of Clonmell,
Who said 'I'm aware of a smell,
But whether it's drains,
Or human remains,
I am wholly unable to tell.'"

EDITOR'S NOTE—This article, Nonsense Verses, New and Old, is taken from The Idler.

MEN & WOMEN OF THE HOUR

Close-Range Studies of Contemporaries

Mrs. Hearst's Educational Plans Mrs. Phœbe A. Hearst, widow of George Hearst, a former United States Senator from California, and a member of one of the largest private fortunes of mine owners in the United States, is not only one of the wealthiest women in the country, but one of the most active in educational and scientific concerns. She is a regent of Mount Vernon, a member of the National Geographical Society, a director of the Museum of Pennsylvania, and a member or director of a number of scientific societies on the Pacific coast. In all these institutions she takes a large personal and pecuniary interest.

The great desire of her life is to provide a habitation for the University of California that shall comport with what she conceives to be its destiny. Her plans are now undergoing development on a basis said to involve an endowment of at least $1,000,000. She has already given the University a large number of scholarships for girls, erected and equipped free libraries for miners in Montana and South Dakota; established and endowed seven free kindergartens in San Francisco and six in Washington, D. C., and begun the erection of a mining building for the University of California, as a memorial to her husband, to cost $300,000.

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General Shafter as Wheeler's Prisoner Major Frank Crawford, of Terre Haute, Indiana, was a room mate, so to speak, of General Shafter in Libby Prison for six weeks, says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. Shafter was a Major in the Nineteenth Michigan, which was one of the regiments in the brigade commanded by General John Coburn, who afterward served a number of terms in Congress. Crawford was a Major in an Indiana regiment and was Coburn's Chief of Staff.

In March, 1862, the brigade was in Tennessee where the cavalry of General Joe Wheeler was attacking the Union forces in unexpected places. Coburn's brigade was ordered on a foraging expedition. Soon after starting it was learned that Wheeler's flying squadron was just ahead. Coburn sent word to that effect back to the General commanding. The reply was that if General Coburn was afraid he could return. This angered him and he pushed forward at once. Within a few miles his brigade was surrounded and overpowered and many taken prisoners, among the latter Crawford and Shafter. These two were sent to Libby Prison, where they occupied the same room for six weeks, at the end of which time they were exchanged.

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Admiral Spaun, Head of Austria's Navy Although little is heard of the Austrian Navy it has a record as glorious as that of some much older navies. The victory at Lissa, under Tegethoff, over a greatly superior Italian squadron, in 1866, was a notable achievement. The late Emperor Maximilian of Mexico, was practically the creator of the Austrian Navy. Under his successor Tegethoff, improvements were introduced and formidable ships added.

At his death, Baron Sterneck was placed in command but the latter died a few months ago and the Austrian Emperor called upon Admiral Baron Spaun to undertake the further development of this arm of the service. The gallant Admiral is a man of great ability, a disciple of Tegethoff and a strategist of renown. He has seen a large amount of active service, enjoys the confidence of the Emperor and is popular with the officers and men. He fully recognizes that the Austrian Navy is only destined to form a defensive power, and all the work done is with a view to this purpose. Only very lately the Reichsrath has granted a large sum for the Navy, and although the warships in the Austrian Navy are not of the most powerful order they are well officered and manned.

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An Italian Actress Who Plays Hamlet Novelli, the Italian actor, who lately created a furore in Paris, is not the only theatrical artist of Italy who has lately gained new repute. Much has been heard of late of an extraordinary creature named Dilgent. She used to act in barns with vagabond players. She has recently drawn great crowds in Monte Carlo. One of her rôles is Hamlet. She is said to be ugly and old, and of unwieldy dimensions, but she electrifies her hearers. Her rendering of Hamlet was a revelation to the oldest playgoers. As Queen Gertrude, in an old-fashioned melodrama which concludes with the death of the Queen, deserted by her courtiers, after her discovery that Essex had indeed sent her the ring, La Diligenti rose to unparalleled tragic heights and charmed her audience. Her effects of horror were said to be bloodcurdling.

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King Leopold's African Possessions King Leopold, of Belgium, who has announced his intention of visiting America in the fall, is considerably richer than his famous kinswoman, Queen Victoria, and his wealth is largely due to a whilom American newspaper man. It seems that when Henry M. Stanley was following Livingstone through Africa, he saw the immense possibilities of the Kongo country. He headed an expedition for which King Leopold furnished the funds and staked off for that Monarch the boundaries of a vast domain in the interior of Africa which has since become very valuable.

To float this mighty project shares were almost given away, but the King retained for himself the lion's share, and now, since a railway has been run through, the shares are worth millions of dollars. On Leopold's death this vast domain passes into the possession of the State, but meanwhile his income from this source is princely, and Stanley has become immensely wealthy for his part in the work of enriching Leopold.

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The Earl of Minto Canada's New Governor The Earl of Minto, who succeeds the Earl of Aberdeen as Governor General of Canada, is, like his predecessor, a Scot. Lord Minto knows Canada and the Canadian character well. He first went to Canada in 1884, as Military Secretary to the Governor General, the Marquis of Lansdowne, and during the Red Rebellion was Chief of Staff. He is fifty-three years old, distinguished in appearance, courteous and approachable. Having served much abroad—he went through the Russo-Turkish War, and also the Afghanistan and Egyptian campaigns—and having succeeded to the title as recently as 1891—he is not so well known to the general public as his younger brother, Mr. Arthur Elliot, Member of Parliament for Durham, who is editor of the Edinburgh Review. Lady Minto is a sister of the present Earl Grey, and daughter of the late General Grey, private secretary to the late Prince Consort. They are extremely wealthy, and own about 16,000 acres of valuable land. They are likely to prove very popular in the Dominion of Canada.

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How Queen Wilhelmina Won Her Father's Love When Wilhelmina, the newly crowned Queen of the Netherlands, was a little child she was hardly ever seen by her father, owing to his resentment that a son had not been given him. Her mother, the Queen, planned a ruse to win King William's favor for his little girl. One morning at breakfast, as he bent over to inhale the fragrance from a great bank of roses which filled the centre of the table, a baby face peeped out and two baby arms crept around his neck, while a tiny voice cried out: "Oh, papa, take me out of the flowers, they prick me so." From that minute, so runs the tale, the King's heart softened, and the little Wilhelmina became a great favorite with her father.

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When Roosevelt Was Wounded It was recently found out that Colonel Roosevelt really possesses that which Mr. Croker says any man running for Governor this fall will need—the evidence that he was wounded in battle. The story was told in the New York Sun by a private in Colonel Roosevelt's regiment who is now in the hospital at Governor's Island. It was at San Juan Hill. Roosevelt and some other officers were standing together in a little clearing on the slope of the hill. Bullets were whistling all about them, and finally a fragment of shell struck Colonel Roosevelt on the back of the left hand.

It was a glancing blow, and simply scraped the flesh. The wound bled profusely. Colonel Roosevelt whipped out his handkerchief, bound it around his hand, and said:

"Well, that's the first one. They'll have to do better than that next time."

"Just as he said that," continued the Rough Rider, "a young officer standing near him was killed by a Spaniard up in the top of one of the trees. The same sharpshooter picked off several of our men before he was killed by a private of the Twenty-fourth Infantry, one of the colored regiments which fought so brave.

About that time I was sent up into the trenches. Oh, but it was hot! After I'd been there for some time I was relieved to go back to take a little rest. On the way I met Colonel Roosevelt. Although I was only a private he turned to me and asked:

"'Where have you been, my boy? Up in the trenches? It's hot as the devil up there, isn't it? Now, I'll tell you what to do. You go back there and tell my cook to make you some good coffee and give you a bite to eat. We can't spare any good men, and they must be fed enough to eat. Go along, now!' I tell you, you can fight for a man like that. What's good enough for you is good enough for him. He'd give up his own blanket to make one of his own men comfortable."

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Sir Garnet Wolseley, England's Leading Soldier Rumors have of late been persistently spread announcing that the British Government contemplates delegating Sir Garnet Joseph Wolseley as Governor General of the Dominion of Canada. But this prominent Englishman is more of a soldier than a statesman. He has been in the British Army for the past forty-six years, having entered it as an ensign when nineteen years of age. In his first battle he was severely wounded, but won a medal for his remarked bravery.

He has had hand experience in many parts of the world of Great Britain, having been in China, India and Africa. He has won rank after rank, honor after honor, decoration after decoration, until now he is the first soldier in the vast Army of Great Britain. Four years ago he was made a Field Marshal and received his baton from the Queen's hand at Windsor. He is also an author, and deals with war topics. The Governor Generalship of Canada would be in the nature of a promotion.

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Mrs. Mintorn-Mogridge, Expert Taxidermist The Museum of Natural History in New York and the Smithsonian Institute in Washington, contain several large cases of birds, small animals, and insects that are noteworthy among such collections. They were prepared by Mrs. Mintorn Mogridge, an English woman of middle age, and a member of the celebrated Mintorn family, modelers to Queen Victoria.

Mrs. Mogridge, as this deft and artistic worker is best known in the United States, is believed to be the first woman to attempt to make a livelihood by taxidermy. Her first large commission was from the British Museum, for which she has prepared over one hundred cases of native birds, song and game, and sea birds. After she came to the United States she prepared several cases of American food plants, with their insect destroyers, for the Government, which exhibited them at the Columbian World's Fair, and afterward placed them in the Smithsonian Institute.

The peculiar value of her work for Mrs. Mogridge is much more than a mere handicraft—lies in the painstaking skill and the artistic taste with which she mounts all her specimens in their natural environment of trees, rushes, prairies, or river banks.

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Possible Successor of Dr. John R. Hall The Rev. G. Campbell Morgan, one of the Keswick leaders of England, and pastor of the New Court Congregational Church of London, is mentioned as the possible successor of the Rev. Dr. Hall, the noted Presbyterian divine of New York. This is not due to the fact that there is any dissatisfaction with Doctor Hall, everything concerning the relations of Dr. Hall to his congregation is most harmonious. Everybody is satisfied. But it is confidently believed that he will retire when he shall have finished fifty years of service in the Christian ministry, which will be in the year 1905.

Campbell Morgan is one of the great preachers of England. He has not the splendid physique of Doctor Hall, but he makes up in unity for what he lacks physically. He is a strong worker and a deep thinker, and is at present in this country as a lecturer at Mr. Moody's school at Northfield. Nothing has been done officially towards getting him to consider such a proposition, for it is not known what Doctor Hall will do. Indeed, it has been most vigorously denied that Campbell Morgan has ever been considered. But it is plain that he is eminently fitted to be Dr. Hall's successor, and when the time for choosing shall come his name will undoubtedly be mentioned.

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General Linares Who Seldom Smiles General Linares, about whom so much has been heard of late, is about 55 years old. He is of medium size and rather slender in build. He has been in Cuba for about two years. While a prisoner of war Lieutenant Hobson and his brave companions were under the immediate care of Lieutenant-General Linares. This Spanish officer is very reticent. When on the march he seldom speaks, but he is said to be an excellent soldier.

When in the field he carries a cane in his riding boot on the right, and when giving an order uses his cane exactly as an American officer uses his sword. But he carries his sword on the left-hand side, nevertheless, and it is ready for instant use should occasion demand.

From all accounts General Linares is a fair-minded man. He is a soldier, not a politician. He does not speak English, but can converse in French fluently. He is amiable, quiet and accurate in his judgments. He has won the respect of his officers and men, who recognize in him a stern disciplinarian, but a fair-minded leader. Linares is a man who has seldom been known to smile.

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Alexander O. Brodie, of the Rough Riders Major Alexander O. Brodie, of the Rough Riders, who was promoted to be Lieutenant-Colonel in place of Roosevelt when the latter was made Colonel, had his arm shattered in the terrible fight at Las Guasimas. He was in the thick of the fight, and was one of the first of the United States officers to be wounded.

Alexander O. Brodie is a West Point man although he was a civilian at the time he decided to join Colonel Leonard Wood's troop of Rough Riders. Young Brodie remained in the United States service almost seven years, reaching the rank of First Lieutenant. He was an active participant in various Indian campaigns, and had some lively encounters with the Modocs and other tribes.

In his recent sojourn in the hospital Lieutenant-Colonel Brodie is said to have expressed himself with breezy Western frankness with regard to his Eastern comrades in the Rough Riders. He did not expect to care much for them, but he likes them now. The Western contingent, he says, has learned to know that the gentle ways and polished manners of the society men are "only the Eastern veneering of a courage as splendid as was ever shown on Western plains." He recently said: "In Arizona and Oklahoma, you know, men do not always dress for dinner, but they make staunch friends. They are brave men, and their aim is as true as their heart."

Of Colonel Roosevelt Brodie said: "He is a dandy, and don't you forget it. Why, in that fight where I was wounded he paid no more attention to bullets than if he had been out in a rain storm with a rubber coat on."

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The Industry of Novelist Zangwill Mr. Zangwill, the author of Children of the Ghetto, who is now on a visit to America, is exceedingly modest. He does not—he has been telling a Young Israel interviewer—ascribe his success to genius. "If I owe success to anything," he added, "it is to sheer industry. From about the age of twelve until I was twenty-one I never knew an idle hour. I was teaching at school all day, and my nights were spent in study and writing. The preparation for my University examinations was done under great pressure. I took them rather too closely together, and, I daresay, injured my health by overwork." He has not come out of the struggle unscathed, and says, regarding this: "I think my early struggles must have inflicted a permanent injury on my nervous system, for I suffer from a depression of spirits which necessitates frequent change of scene.

"PUBLICK OCCURRENCES" THAT ARE MAKING HISTORY

The Last Shots in the War

The 114 days' war was ended by a protocol for peace while important operations were in progress in Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippine Islands. In Cuba our war ships had bombarded Manzanillo all day and part of a night, and were about to resume firing in the morning when news of the protocol reached the American commander. In Porto Rico, General Miles' plan for investing San Juan from four different points on the land side was working successfully, and General Wilson, at Coamo, had just demanded the surrender of Aibonito, after having shelled the enemy at Asomanta, nearby, when the order to cease hostile operations was received. At Manila, Admiral Dewey and General Merritt, ignorant of the peace negotiations in Washington, forced the surrender of the city unconditionally by a vigorous bombardment by the fleet the day after the proclamation of the protocol. The really great events of the war thus began and ended before the Philippine capital.

No Indemnity for Armenia's Horrors

Turkey has again sounded a defiance to Europe in repudiating absolutely all responsibility for losses occasioned by the Armenian massacres and refusing in consequence to consider any claims for indemnity. The United States, Great Britain, France and Italy were directly concerned in the massacres because of their missionary interests, and each Government demanded reparation for losses of life and property.

In the present state of European affairs it would be impossible to secure a union of interests to exert a pressure on Turkey, hence it is almost certain that no coercive action will be taken on this blunt refusal. It is to be noted that since Great Britain and Russia became seriously involved in their respective Chinese interests, Turkey has done about as she pleased. Because of her great unpaid debt Turkey is to day practically a vassal of Russia, and the latter by threats to force or promise to let up on the debt settlement can wield her as it wishes. Just now Russia's leading policy is to embarrass Great Britain as much as possible.

Our Tariff in the West Indies

The regulations under which the United States reopened the ports of Cuba to the commerce of the world were particularly intended to facilitate the early return and speedy enlargement of trade relations. The new tariff and the port and other charges provided for these places correspond in general with the lowest rates applied to imports and vessels from Spain, but in several important particulars a material reduction in rates was made. All discriminations were abolished, the United States placing itself on a plane with other foreign nations.

In the case of Porto Rico, circumstances required a different treatment, tentatively, and the clearances for its ports were limited to vessels of the United States. Not only the development but the vitality itself of some of the distinctive industries of both Cuba and Porto Rico present serious problems to our tariff experts. Our customs laws provide for a uniformity in duties, imports and exports throughout the United States, and in some particulars these laws cannot be applied to our new possessions without either ruining or injuring important industries there.

The Future of the Cuban Insurgents

What the Cuban insurgents are going to do under the new order of things has become a perplexing problem of the moment. It would not be unfair to assume that nearly if not quite all of the actual insurgents were in the Cuban Army. That body of men whose numbers no man knoweth, did not prove the effective aid to the American troops that was expected under promises. It was composed largely of negroes and mulattos, who had formerly worked on the plantations, and had had several leaders of marked skill in irregular warfare.

After the protocol the commander of this Army agreed that it should be disbanded but the suggestion was made that the United States should pay the men $15,000,000. For what? Certainly, the men could not expect to be paid for the effort to secure their own freedom which was only accomplished by the Army and Navy of the United States. Under the new dispensation the continuance of the insurgents in army organization would make them foes of the United States. To simply disband and turn them adrift would be creating a menace to planters anxious to resume field work. Our Government might aid them with implements and food in regaining employment, but it certainly cannot support them.

Classical Fellowships for American Students

For the school year 1899–1900 the managing committee of the American School of Classical Studies in Rome, Italy announces its expectation of awarding three fellowships two of six hundred dollars each and one of five hundred dollars, open to all bachelors of arts of universities and colleges in the United States and to other American students of similar attainments, irrespective of the sex of the student.

The holders of these fellowships will reside ordinarily in Rome, but will spend a portion of the school year in investigations elsewhere in Italy, or in travel and study in Greece in connection with the American Classical School in Athens. Candidates for the fellowships should apply to Professor Minton Warren, Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, Maryland, not later than February 1 next, and the competitive examination will be held some time in March.

A Wheat Field 1,000,000 Square Miles in Extent

A report of Henry O'Sullivan, a surveyor and explorer in the service of the Province of Quebec, Canada, contains much curious information on the habitable territory of the Dominion, and dispels many illusions as to the extent of fertility. Grouping his various facts, he claims that the wheat belt of Canada averages at least five hundred miles in width by two thousand miles in length—a greater stretch of territory than any other part of the world possesses, excepting Russia and Siberia.

The bulk of this tract lies west of Lake Superior, and its northwest limit is met in Athabasca, just east of the Rocky Mountains. Vegetation is found to be prolific on the shores of Great Slave Lake, 1300 miles north of Toronto. Bishop Newnham is conducting agricultural experiments at Moose Factory, three hundred miles south of York Factory, where the Nelson River enters Hudson Bay, and Lieutenant Governor Patterson, of Manitoba, says that every Indian south of Nelson River could have an excellent kitchen garden if he would cultivate the land on which he lives.

Greeting Our Conquering Heroes

Only two causes of regret marked the reception of Rear Admiral Sampson's great fighting ships at New York: one was the absence of Rear Admiral Dewey with his ships and men, the other the absence of the converted pleasure yacht Gloucester and her plucky Commander. The demonstration was the result of a spontaneous popular movement, heartily sanctioned by the naval authorities, and formed an extraordinarily impressive and brilliant pageant.

Its most touching feature was the surprise it gave the returning heroes. No one aboard ship had an idea that anything unusual was about to happen till port was reached, when Rear Admiral Sampson received orders to parade his seven war ships up the Hudson to General Grant's tomb, fire a salute there and then return to the Tompkinsville anchorage. The parade was through a maze of harbor craft great and small, foreign and domestic, and all profusely decorated, and was witnessed by probably a million and a half of people. It was the greatest popular unofficial manifestation of joy the country has ever seen.

New Art Education in the South

One of the most pleasing signs of the times in our Southern States is the widespread interest being shown in technical education. There the industrial conditions have undergone marked changes within a few years. In many sections the planter is giving way to the manufacturer, and the latter, usually with northern training and capital, is already competing with success, especially in the lines of iron and steel and woolen and cotton goods, with older concerns elsewhere. Under several Acts of Congress these States, with all others, have been encouraged to establish agricultural and mechanic colleges that are usually attached to State universities and are similarly controlled. Excellent as most of these are, it is doubtful if there are any that really answer the demands of the day. The new movement is most intimately related to these interests that are building up the South as a manufacturing section. In the heart of the cotton and woolen manufacture centre of Georgia, and under the direction of the Atlanta Technical School, a special textile school is being erected and equipped, and the same is being done in similar places in the two Carolinas. These schools are projected on the model of those in many of the chief manufacturing cities of Europe, and differ in purpose and results from any now in operation in this country.

United States the Richest Nation

Mulhall, the English statistician, has just made a calculation of the wealth of the principle nations of the world, based on values shown by real estate records, buildings, merchandise and railroads, as well as the circulating medium of each country, and places the aggregate wealth of the United States at $81,750,000,000. This is $22,720,000,000 larger than the aggregate of Great Britain, which holds second place; double that of France; equal to that of Russia, Italy, Austria and Spain combined, and more than seven times greater than that of Spain. In connection with his tabular statements Mr. Mulhall calls attention to the fact that while most of European countries have attained their growth, the United States is apparently on the threshold of an industrial development of an extent of which it has never dreamed.

To Spend $60,000,000 on Our Navy

The United States has fallen into line with Great Britain and Russia in wanting a new naval outfit that will cost from $50,000,000 upward. Each of the two last countries says it needs an extraordinary naval increase in order to keep pace with the other. The United States wants $60,000,000 worth of new outfits for our Navy because of the large and widely scattered interests it has now to protect.

According to present plans our Navy now requires, or will require as soon as they can be constructed, three first-class battleships of 13,000 tons displacement each, three armored cruisers of 12,000 tons each, three protected cruisers of 6000 tons each, three protected cruisers of 5000 tons each, and six unprotected cruisers of 2500 tons each. Our new Navy needs greater weight and speed, a minimum of wood work, less 13-inch guns, and more secondary battery weapons.

The Source of British Roast Beef

To the taste of the true British epicure there is nothing so delicious on earth as the roast beef of Old England. It is cruel to dispel a deeply rooted National belief, and it would be unwise to attempt to do so on statements emanating from the United States. In this instance our British cousin is confounded by one of his own favorite newspapers, and what it says about his beef will surprise more people than him. The London Telegraph, reviewing the imports of last year, declares that the United States supplied two thirds of the cattle imported alive, more than half of the dressed meat, three fourths of the fresh beef, and more than two thirds of the bacon and ham. With these meats went also sixty one per cent of the imports of wheat for the British baker and housewife.

Abandoning Gold for Coal

The fact has already been stated with the principal reasons, that the activity in the Klondike gold region is rapidly diminishing. On the American side of the boundary line prospectors have already begun to change their search from gold to coal. Alaska abounds in an excellent quality of lignite, readily accessible and easily worked in comparison with gold. It is only about two years that the territory has been considered a commercial coal producer.

The first output was from Cook's Inlet, and the bulk of it was shipped for use principally on steamers engaged in coastwise traffic. Now former gold prospectors are operating between the Inlet and Copper River, with bright chances of success. Coal mining will be attended with far less hardship than gold gathering, and so become more popular.

Popular Representation in Japan

Reference has been made to some recent innovations in the form of Government in Japan. The most important change was proposed in the Election Bill, which was too heavily burdened with amendments to reach decisive action in the late Diet. This bill, by reducing the amount of the property qualifications, increases the number of electors from 400,000 to 2,000,000, and the number of Representatives from 300 to 443. Hitherto, under the scheme of popular representation, there has been but one member of the Lower House for 240,000 inhabitants, and this ratio has not been deemed sufficiently representative. The Emperor, desirous of increasing the popularity of his Government, and of bringing it more into accord with that of Western countries, approved the original provisions of the bill, but the House proved hostile to it, and it went over to the next Diet.

Moving Out of the West Indies

The most important duty under the protocol of peace, next to directing a cessation of hostilities, was the appointment of commissioners to arrange and execute the details of the evacuation of the Spanish Islands in the West Indies. President McKinley was the first to make appointments, and he selected for the Cuban Commission Major-General James F. Wade, Rear-Admiral William T. Sampson, and Major General Matthew C. Butler, and for the Porto Rico Commission, Major General John R. Brooke, Rear Admiral Schley, and Brigadier General William W. Gordon.

The protocol says the islands shall be immediately evacuated; also that the commissioners shall meet within thirty days from the date of signature to arrange and execute the details. In the case of Cuba this will be a slow proceeding, but any necessary delay will be an advantage to the United States in postponing to a more propitious season of the year its permanent Army of Occupation. It may not be possible to fully complete the evacuation of Cuba and adjoining islands before Thanksgiving Day.

A Half-Year's Benefactions

A careful compilation of the gifts and bequests of the American people for the promotion of charity, education and religion, excluding all public appropriations and all benefactions below $5000 in amount, shows a total for the first half of 1898 of over $20,000,000. It is too soon to judge even approximately of the value of individual gifts to the Federal Government for war purposes, such as steam pleasure yachts for the Auxiliary Navy, free railroad transportation for the armies, buildings for warehouse and hospital uses, etc., or of special gifts of money and supplies for the starving Cubans and our troops in the field. Concerning the last, it may be said that the contributions to the American National Red Cross Relief Committee exceeded $200,000 in cash.

The Casualties of Our Recent War

From the first our war with Spain was a series of rapid surprises, with everything favoring this country. Now that hostilities have terminated, it is possible to consider what is probably the most surprising feature of the whole struggle—the American losses in killed and wounded.

Beginning with the first attempt to land troops in Cuba, and ending with the surrender of Manila, it is found that the Navy had one officer and eighteen men killed and three officers and forty men wounded, and the Army, twenty three officers and 231 men killed and eighty seven officers and 1316 men wounded, a total of twenty four officers and 249 men killed, and ninety officers and 1356 men wounded. It may be said that almost all of the American casualties occurred in the three days' operations before Santiago de Cuba. Spanish casualties are unknown, yet we may assert that many single battles in our Civil War were fought with greater losses in killed and wounded than the entire casualties on both sides in our war against Spain.

THE BEST POEMS IN THE WORLD

XXIX

WHAT MY LOVER SAID

By HOMER GREENE

AND OTHER POEMS OF COURTSHIP • • • • WITH A DRAWING BY LEYENDECKER

BY THE merest chance, in the twilight gloom,
In the orchard path he met me;
In the tall, wet grass, with its faint perfume,
And I tried to pass, but he made no room,
Oh, I tried, but he would not let me.
So I stood and blushed till the grass grew red,
With my face bent down above it,
While he took my hand as he whispering said—
(How the clover lifted each pink, sweet head,
To listen to all that my lover said;
Oh, the clover in bloom, I love it!)

In the high, wet grass went the path to hide,
And the low, wet leaves hung over;
But I could not pass upon either side,
For I found myself, when I vainly tried,
In the arms of my steadfast lover.
And he held me there and he raised my head,
While he closed the path before me,
And he looked down into my eyes and said—
(How the leaves bent down from the boughs o'er head,
To listen to all that my lover said;
Oh, the leaves hanging lowly o'er me!)

Had he moved aside but a little way,
I could surely then have passed him;
And he knew I never could wish to stay,
And would not have heard what he had to say,
Could I only aside have cast him.
It was almost dark, and the moments sped,
And the searching night wind found us,
But he drew me nearer and softly said—
(How the pure, sweet wind grew still, instead,
To listen to all that my lover said;
Oh, the whispering wind around us!)

I am sure he knew, when he held me fast,
That I must be all unwilling;
For I tried to go, and I would have passed,
As the night was come with its dew, at last,
And the sky with its stars was filling.
But he clasped me close when I would have fled,
And he made me hear his story,
And his soul came out from his lips and said—
(How the stars crept out where the white moon led,
To listen to all that my lover said;
Oh, the moon and the stars in glory!)

I know that the grass and the leaves will not tell,
And I'm sure that the wind, precious rover,
Will carry my secrets so safely and well
That no being shall ever discover
One word of the many that rapidly fell
From the soul-speaking lips of my lover;
And the moon and the stars that looked over
Shall never reveal what a fairy-like spell
They wove round about us that night in the dell,
In the path through the dew-laden clover,
Nor echo the whispers that made my heart swell
As they fell from the lips of my lover.

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XXX

BRAVE LOVE

By MARY KYLE DALLAS

HE'D nothing but his violin,
I'd nothing but my song;
But we were wed when skies were blue,
And summer days were long.
And when we rested by the hedge,
The robins came and told
How they had dared to woo and win
When early spring was cold.
We sometimes supped on dewberries
Or slept among the hay;
But oft the farmers' wives at eve
Came out to hear us play
The rare old tunes, the dear old tunes.
We could not starve for long,
While my man had his violin,
And I my sweet love-song.
The world has aye gone well with us,
Old man, since we were one;
Our homeless wandering down the lanes—
It long ago was done.
But those who wait for gold or gear,
For houses and for kine,
Till youth's sweet spring grows brown and sere,
And love and beauty time,
Will never know the joy of hearts
That met without a fear,
When you had but your violin,
And I a song, my dear.

"HE TOOK MY HAND AS HE WHISPERING SAID—"

XXXI

COME INTO THE GARDEN, MAUD

By ALFRED TENNYSON

COME into the garden, Maud,
For the black bat, night, has flown!
Come into the garden, Maud,
I am here at the gate alone;
And the woodbine spices are wafted abroad,
And the musk of the roses blown.

For a breeze of morning moves,
And the planet of Love is on high,
Beginning to faint in the light that she loves,
On a bed of daffodil sky;
To faint in the light of the sun that she loves,
To faint in its light, and to die.

All night have the roses heard
The flute, violin, bassoon;
All night has the casement jessamine stirred
To the dancers dancing in tune,
Till a silence fell with the waking bird,
And a hush with the setting moon.

I said to the lily, "There is but one
With whom she has heart to be gay.
When will the dancers leave her alone?
She is weary of dance and play."
Now half to the setting moon are gone,
And half to the rising day;
Low on the sand and loud on the stone
The last wheel echoes away.

I said to the rose, "The brief night goes
In babble and revel and wine.
O, young lord-lover, what sighs are those
For one that will never be thine?
But mine, but mine," so I sware to the rose,
"For ever and ever mine!"

And the soul of the rose went into my blood,
As the music clashed in the hall;
And long by the garden lake I stood,
For I heard your rivulet fall
From the lake to the meadow and on to the wood,
Our wood, that is dearer than all;

From the meadow your walks have left so sweet
That, whenever a March-wind sighs,
He sets the jewel-print of your feet,
In violets as blue as your eyes,
To the woody hollows in which we meet,
And the valleys of Paradise.

The slender acacia would not shake
One long milk-bloom on the tree;
The white lake-blossom fell into the lake,
As the pimpernel dozed on the lea;
But the rose was awake all night for your sake,
Knowing your promise to me;
And the lilies and roses were all awake,
They sighed for the dawn and thee.

Queen rose of the rosebud garden of girls,
Come hither! the dances are done;
In gloss of satin and glimmer of pearls,
Queen lily and rose in one;
Shine out, little head, sunning over with curls,
To the flowers, and be their sun.

There has fallen a splendid tear
From the passion-flower at the gate.
She is coming, my dove, my dear;
She is coming, my life, my fate!
The red rose cries, "She is near, she is near!"
And the white rose weeps, "She is late!"
The larkspur listens, "I hear, I hear";
And the lily whispers, "I wait."

She is coming, my own, my sweet!
Were it ever so airy a tread,
My heart would hear her and beat,
Were it earth in an earthy bed;
My dust would hear her and beat,
Had I lain for a century dead;
Would start and tremble under her feet,
And blossom in purple and red.

Religion in Daily Life

By the Very Rev. JOHN CAIRD, D.D., LL. D.

The Post's Series of Practical Sermons—Number Fourteen

"Not slothful in business; fervent in spirit; serving the Lord."—Rom. xii, 11.

TO COMBINE business with religion, to keep up a spirit of serious piety amid the stir and distraction of a busy and active life—this is one of the most difficult parts of a Christian's trial in this world.

It is comparatively easy to be religious in the church—to collect our thoughts and compose our feelings, and enter, with an appearance of propriety and decorum, into the offices of religious worship, amid the quietude of the Sabbath and within the still and sacred precincts of the house of prayer. But to be religious in the world—to be pious, and holy, and earnest-minded in the counting-room, the manufactory, the market-place, the field, the farm—to carry out our good and solemn thoughts and feelings into the throng and thoroughfare of daily life, this is the great difficulty of our Christian calling.

No man not lost to all moral influence can help feeling his passions calmed, and some measure of seriousness stealing over his mind, when engaged in the performance of the more awful and sacred rites of religion; but the atmosphere of the domestic circle, the exchange, the street, the city's throng; amid coarse work and cankering cares and toils, is a very different atmosphere from that of a communion table. Passing from the one to the other has often seemed like the sudden transition from a tropical to a polar climate—from balmy warmth and sunshine to murky mist and freezing cold.

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And it appears sometimes as difficult to maintain the strength and steadfastness of religious principle and feeling when we go forth from the church into the world, as it would be to preserve an exotic alive in the open air in winter, or to keep the lamp that burns steadily within doors from being blown out if you should take it abroad unsheltered from a strong wind.

In ancient times, for instance, it was, as we all know, the not uncommon expedient among the most devout persons—men deeply impressed with the thought of an eternal world and the necessity of preparing for it, but distracted by the effort to attend to the duties of religion amid the business and temptations of secular life—to fly the world altogether, and, abandoning society and all social claims, to betake themselves to some hermit solitude, some quiet and cloistered retreat, where, as they fondly deemed, "the world forgetting, by the world forgot," their work would become worship, and their lives would be uninterruptedly devoted to the cultivation of religion in the soul.

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In our own day the more common device, where religion and the world conflict, is not that of the superstitious recluse, but one even much less safe and venial. Keen for this world, yet not willing to lose all hold on the next—eager for the advantages of time, yet not prepared to abandon all religion and stand by the consequences, there is a very numerous class who attempt to compromise the matter—to treat religion and the world like two creditors whose claims cannot both be liquidated, by compounding with each for a share—though in this case a most disproportionate share—of their time and thought.

"Everything in its own place!" is the tacit reflection of such men. "Prayers, sermons, holy reading"—they will scarcely venture to add "God"—"are for Sundays; but week-days are for the sober business, the real, practical affairs of life. Enough if we give the Sunday to our religious duties; we cannot be always praying and reading the Bible. Well enough for clergymen and good persons who have nothing else to do to attend to religion through the week; but for us, we have more practical matters to mind."

And so the result is that religion is made altogether a Sunday thing—a robe too fine for common wear, but taken out solemnly on state occasions, and solemnly put past when the state occasion is over. Like an idler in a crowded thoroughfare, religion is jostled aside in the daily throng of life, as if it had no business there. Like a needful yet disagreeable medicine, men will be content to take it now and then, for their soul's health, but they cannot, and will not, make it their daily fare—the substantial and staple nutriment of their lives.

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Now you will observe that the idea of religion which is set forth in the text, as elsewhere in Scripture, is quite different from any of these notions. The text speaks as if the most diligent attention to our worldly business were not by any means incompatible with spirituality of mind and serious devotion to the service of God.

It seems to imply that religion is not so much a duty as a something that has to do with all duties—not a tax to be paid periodically and got rid of at other times, but a ceaseless all-pervading, inexhaustible tribute to Him who is not only the object of religious worship, but the end of our very life and being. It suggests to us the idea that piety is not for Sundays only, but for all days; that spirituality of mind is not appropriate to one set of actions and an impertinence and intrusion with reference to others, but, like the act of breathing, like the circulation of the blood, like the silent growth of the stature, a process that may be going on simultaneously with all our actions—when we are busiest as when we are idlest; in the church, in the world; in solitude, in society; in our grief and in our gladness; in our toil and in our rest; sleeping, waking; by day, by night—mid all the engagements and exigencies of our life on earth.

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And that this is so—that this blending of religion with the work of common life is not impossible; you will readily perceive if you consider for a moment what, according to the right and proper notion of it, religion is. What do we mean by "religion?"

Religion may be viewed in two aspects. It is a science, and it is an art; in other words, a system of doctrines to be believed, and a system of duties to be done. View it in either light, and the point we are insisting on may, without difficulty, be made good.

View it as a science—as truth to be understood and believed. If religious truth were, like many kinds of secular truth, hard, intricate, abstruse, demanding for its study not only the highest order of intellect, but all the resources of education, books, learned leisure, then, indeed, to most men the blending of religion with the necessary vocations of life would be an impossibility. In that case it would be sufficient excuse for irreligion to plead, "My lot in life is inevitably one of incessant care and toil, of busy, anxious thought and wearing work. Inextricably involved, every day and hour as I am, in the world's business, how is it possible for me to devote myself to this abstract science?"

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If religion were thus, like the higher mathematics or metaphysics, a science based on the most recondite and elaborate reasonings, capable of being mastered only by the acutest minds, after years of study and laborious investigation, then might it well be urged by many an unfettered man of toil, "I am no scholar. I have no head to comprehend these hard dogmas and doctrines. Learning and religion are, no doubt, fine things, but they are not for humble and hard-wrought folk like me!"

In this case, indeed, the Gospel would be no gospel at all—no good news of Heavenly love and mercy to the whole sin-ruined race of man, but only a gospel for scholars—a religion, like the ancient philosophies, for a scanty minority, clever enough to grasp its principles, and set free from active business to devote themselves to the development and discussion of its doctrines.

But the Gospel is no such system of high and abstract truth. The salvation it offers is not the prize of a lofty intellect, but of a lowly heart. The mirror in which its grand truths are reflected is not a mind of calm and philosophic abstraction, but a heart of earnest purity. Its light shines best and fullest, not on a life undisturbed by business, but on a soul which is unstained by sin.

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The religion of Christ, while it affords scope for the loftiest intellect in the contemplation and development of its glorious truths, is yet, in the exquisite simplicity of its essential facts and principles, patent to the simplest mind. Rude, untutored, toil-worn you may be, but if you have wit enough to guide you in the commonest round of daily toil you have wit enough to learn the way to be saved. The truth as it is in Jesus, while, in one view of it, so profound that the highest archangel's intellect may be lost in the contemplation of its mysterious depths, is yet, in another, so simple that the lisping babe at a mother's knee may learn its meaning.

Again: View religion as an art, and, in this light, too, its compatibility with a busy and active life in the world will not be difficult to perceive. For religion as an art differs from secular arts in this respect—that it may be practiced simultaneously with other arts—with all other work and occupations in which we may be engaged.

A man cannot be studying architecture and law at the same time. The medical practitioner cannot be engaged with his patients and at the same time planning houses or building bridges—practicing, in other words, both medicine and engineering at one and the same moment. The practice of one secular art naturally excludes for the time the practice of other secular arts.

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But not so with the art of religion. This is the universal art, the common, all-embracing profession. It belongs to no one set of functionaries, to no special class of men. Statesman, soldier, lawyer, physician, poet, painter, tradesman, farmer—men of every craft and calling in life—nay, while in the actual discharge of the duties of their varied avocations, be yet, at the same moment, discharging the duties of a higher and nobler vocation—practicing the art of a Christian.

Secular arts, in most cases, demand of him who would attain to eminence in any one of them, an almost exclusive devotion of time, and thought, and toil. The most versatile genius can seldom be master of more than one art, and for the great majority the only calling must be that by which they earn their daily bread. Demand of the poor tradesman or peasant, whose every hour is absorbed in the struggle to earn a competency for himself and his family, that he shall be also a thorough proficient in the art of the physician, or lawyer, or sculptor, and you demand an impossibility. If religion were an art such as these, few, indeed, could learn it. The two admonitions, "Be diligent in business," and "Be fervent in spirit; serving the Lord," would be reciprocally destructive.

But religion is no such art, for it is the art of being, and of doing, good; to be an adept in it is to become just, truthful, sincere, self-denied, gentle, forbearing, pure in word and thought and deed. And the school for learning this art is, not the closet, but the world—not some hallowed spot where religion is taught, and proficients, when duly trained, are sent forth into the world—but the world itself—the course, profane, common world, with its cares and temptations, its rivalries and competitions, its hourly, ever-recurring trials of temper and character.

This is therefore an art which all can practice, and for which every profession and calling, the busiest and most absorbing, afford scope and discipline. When a child is learning to write it matters not of what words the copy set to him is composed, the thing desired being that whatever he writes he learn to write well. When a man is learning to be a Christian it matters not what particular work in life it may be; the work he does is but the copy-line set to him; the main thing to be considered is that he learn to live well. The form is nothing; the execution is everything.

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It is true indeed that prayer, holy reading, meditation, the solemnities and services of the Church are necessary to religion, and that these can be practiced only apart from the work of secular life. But it is to be remembered that all such holy exercises do not terminate in themselves. They are but steps in the ladder to Heaven, good only as they help us to climb. They are the irrigation and enriching of the spiritual soil—worse than useless if the crop become not more abundant.

They are, in short, but means to an end—good only in so far as they help us to be good, and to do good—to glorify God and to do good to man; and that end can perhaps best be attained by him whose life is a busy one, whose avocations bear him daily into contact with his fellows, into the intercourse of society, into the heart of the world. No man can be a thorough proficient in navigation who has never been at sea, though he may learn the theory of it at home. No man can become a soldier by studying books on military tactics in his closet; he must be in actual service to acquire those habits of coolness, courage, discipline, address, rapid combination, without which the most learned in the theory of strategy or engineering will be but a school-boy soldier after all.

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And, in the same way, a man in solitude and study may become a most learned theologian, or may train himself into the timid, effeminate piety of what is technically called "the religious life." But never, in the highest and holiest sense, can he become a religious man until he has acquired those habits of daily self-denial, of resistance to temptation, of kindness, gentleness, humility, sympathy, active beneficence, which are to be acquired only in actual daily contact with mankind.

Tell us not, then, that the man of business, the bustling tradesman, the toil-worn laborer, has little or no time to attend to religion. As well tell us that the pilot, amid the winds and storms, has no leisure to attend to navigation—or the General, on the field of battle, to the art of war! Where will he attend to it? Religion is not a perpetual moping over good books—religion is not even prayer, praise, holy ordinances; these are necessary to religion—no man can be religious without them. But religion, I repeat, is mainly and chiefly the glorifying of God amid the trials of the world—the guiding our course amid the adverse winds and currents of temptations by the star-light of duty and the compass of divine truth—the bearing us manfully, wisely, courageously, for the honor of Christ, our great Leader, in the conflict of life.

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Another consideration, which I shall adduce in support of the assertion that it is not impossible to blend religion with the business of common life, is this: that religion consists not so much in doing spiritual or sacred acts as in doing secular acts from a sacred or spiritual motive.

There is a very common tendency in our minds to classify actions according to their outward form rather than according to the spirit or motive which pervades them. Literature is sometimes arbitrarily divided into "sacred" and "profane" literature; history into "sacred" and "profane" history—in which classification the term "profane" is applied, not to what is bad or unholy, but to everything that is not technically sacred or religious—to all literature

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EDITOR'S NOTE—The sermons in the POST Series represent practical, unsectarian thought on vital topics by the best religious thinkers of the world. This sermon, which made Principal Caird famous, was preached before Queen Victoria and first printed at her special command. The first fourteen in the series are:

I—The Simplest Kind of Religion,	by Henry Drummond,	May 28
II—Does Death Really End All?	by Minot J. Savage, D. D.,	June 11
III—Having an Aim in Life,	by Philip S. Moxom, D. D.,	June 18
IV—The Discontent of Modern Life,	by Walton W. Battershall, D. D.,	June 25
V—The Meaning of Manhood,	by Henry Van Dyke, D. D.,	July 9
VI—The Ground of Christian Certainty,	by George Hodges, D. D.,	July 16
VII—Stumbling Stones of Life,	by Andrew P. Peabody, D.D.,	July 23
VIII—The Middle Years of Life,	by R. E. Welsh, A. M.,	July 30
IX—The Power of Personality,	by Amory H. Bradford, D. D.,	Aug. 6
X—The Safeguard of Manhood,	by James G. K. McClure, D. D.,	Aug. 20
XI—Force of Enthusiasm,	by Archdeacon Farrar,	Aug. 27
XII—What is Your Ideal in Life?	by Hugh Black, A. M., D. D.,	Sept. 3
XIII—The Making of Character,	by Rev. Newell Dwight Hillis,	Sept 10
XIV—Religion in Daily Life,	by Very Rev. John Caird, D.D.	Sept. 17

that does not treat of religious doctrines and duties, and to all history save church history. And we are apt to apply the same principle to actions which we do not understand.

Thus, in many pious minds there is a tendency to regard all the actions of common life as so much, by an unfortunate necessity, lost to religion. Prayer, the reading of the Bible and devotional books, public worship—and buying, selling, digging, sowing, bartering, money-making, are separated into two distinct, and almost hostile, categories. The religious heart and sympathies are thrown into the former, and the latter are barely tolerated as a bondage incident to our fallen state, but almost of necessity tending to turn aside the heart from God.

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But what God hath cleansed, why should we call common or unclean? The tendency in question, though founded on right feeling, is surely a mistaken one. For it is to be remembered that moral qualities reside not in actions, but in the agent who performs them, and that it is the spirit or motive from which we do any work that constitutes it base or noble, worldly or spiritual, secular or sacred. The actions of an automaton may be outwardly the same as those of a moral agent, but who attributes to them goodness or badness? A musical instrument may discourse sacred melodies better than the holiest lips can sing them, but who thinks of commending it for its piety?

It is the same with actions as with places. Just as no spot or scene on earth is in itself more or less holy than another, but the presence of a holy heart may hallow—of a base one, desecrate—any place where it dwells; so with actions. Many actions, materially great and noble, may yet, because of the spirit that prompts and pervades them, be really ignoble and mean; and on the other hand, many actions, externally mean and lowly, may, because of the state of his heart who does them, be truly exalted and honorable in the highest sense.

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And as the mind constitutes high or low, so secular or spiritual. A life spent amid holy things may be intensely secular; a life the most of which is passed in the thick and throng of the world, may be holy and divine. A minister, for instance, preaching, praying, ever speaking holy words and performing sacred acts, may be all the while doing actions no more holy than those of the printer who prints Bibles, or of the bookseller who sells them; for, in both cases alike, the whole affair may be nothing more than a trade. Nay, the comparison tells worse for the former, for the secular trade is innocent and commendable, but the trade which tampers with holy things is, beneath all its mock solemnity, "earthly, sensual, devilish."

So, to adduce one other example, the public worship of God is holy work: no man can be living a holy life who neglects it. But the public worship of God may be—and with multitudes who frequent our churches is—degraded into work most worldly, most unholy, most distasteful to the great Object of our homage. He, "to whom all hearts be open, all desires known," discerns how many of you have come hither to-day from the earnest desire to hold communion with the Father of Spirits, to open your hearts to Him, to unburden yourselves in His loving presence of the cares and crosses that have been pressing hard upon you through the past week, and by common prayer and praise, and the hearing of His holy Word, to gain fresh incentive and energy for the prosecution of His work in the world; and how many, on the other hand, from no better motive, perhaps, than curiosity and old habit, or regard to decency and respectability, or the mere desire to get rid of yourselves and pass a vacant hour that would hang heavy on your hands if you stayed away.

And who can doubt that, where such motives as these prevail, to the piercing, unerring inspection of Him whom outwardly we seem to reverence, not the market-place, the exchange, the counting-room appears a place more worldly or more intensely secular—not the most reckless and riotous festivity, a scene of more unhallowed levity, than is presented by the House of Prayer under such conditions? But if you carry holy principles with you into the world, the world will become hallowed by their presence. A Christ-like spirit will Christianize everything it touches. A meek heart, in which the altar-fire of love to God is burning, will lay hold of the commonest, rudest things in life, and transmute them, like coarse fuel at the touch of fire, into a pure and holy flame.

Religion in the soul will make all the work and toil of life—its gains and losses, friendships, rivalries, competitions—its manifold incidents and events—the means of religious advancement. Marble or coarse clay, it matters not much with which of these the artist works, the touch of genius transforms the coarser material into beauty, and lends to the finer a value it never had before. Lofty or lowly, rude or refined, as our earthly work may be, it will become to a holy mind only the material for an infinitely nobler than all the creations of genius—a pure and godlike life. To spiritualize what is material, to Christianize what is secular—that is the noblest and greatest achievement of Christian principle.

If you are a sincere Christian, it will be your great desire, by God's grace, to bring every gift, talent, occupation of life, every word you speak, every action you do, under the control of Christian motive. Your conversation may not always—nay, may seldom, save with intimate friends—consist of formally religious words; you may, perhaps, shrink from the introduction of religious topics in general society; but it demands a less amount of Christian effort occasionally to speak religious words, than to infuse the spirit of religion into all our words; and if the whole tenor of your common talk be pervaded by a spirit of piety, gentleness, earnestness, sincerity and unselfishness, it will be Christian conversation not the less.

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Rise superior, in Christ's strength, to all equivocal practices and advantages in trade; shrink from every approach to meanness or dishonesty; let your eye, fixed on a reward before which earthly wealth grows dim, beam with honor; let the thought of God make you self-restrained, temperate, watchful over speech and conduct; let the abiding sense of Christ's redeeming love to you make you gentle, self-denied, kind, and loving to all around you—then, indeed, will your secular life become spiritualized, while, at the same time, your spiritual life will grow more fervent; then not only will your prayers become more devout, but when the knee bends not, and the lip is silent, the life in its heavenward tone will "pray without ceasing"; then from amid the roar and din of earthly toil the ear of God will hear the sweetest anthems rising; then, finally will your daily experience prove that it is no high nor unattainable elevation of virtue, but a simple and natural thing, to which the text points, when it bids us to be both "diligent in business" and yet "fervent in spirit, serving the Lord."

As a last illustration of the possibility of blending religion with the business of common life, let me call your attention to what may be described as the mind's power of acting on latent principles.

In order to live a religious life in the world, every action, every line of conduct, must be governed by religious motives. But in making this assertion, it is not, by any means, implied that in all the familiar actions of our daily life religion must form a direct and conscious object of thought.

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But though it be true that we cannot, in our worldly work, be always consciously thinking of religion, yet it is also true that unconsciously, insensibly, we may be acting under its ever-present control. As there are laws and powers in the natural world of which, without thinking of them, we are ever availing ourselves—as I do not think of gravitation when I move my limbs, or of atmospheric laws when by means of them I breathe, so in the routine of daily work, though comparatively seldom do I think of them, I may yet be constantly swayed by the motives, sustained by the principles, living, breathing, acting in the invisible atmosphere of true religion. There are under-currents in the ocean which act independently of the movements of the waters on the surface; far down, too, in its hidden depths there is a region where, even though the storm be raging on the upper waves, perpetual calmness and stillness reign.

So there may be an under-current beneath the surface movements of your life—there may dwell in the secret depths of your being the abiding peace of God, the repose of a holy mind, even though, all the while, the restless stir and commotion of worldly business may mark your outer history.

Such, then, is the true idea of the Christian life—a life not of periodic observances, or of occasional fervors, or even of splendid acts of heroism and self-devotion, but of quiet, constant, unobtrusive earnestness, amid the commonplace work of the world. This is the life to which Christ calls us. Is it yours? Have you entered upon it, or are you now willing to enter upon it? It is not, I admit, an imposing or an easy one. There is nothing in it to dazzle; much in its hardness and plainness to deter the irresolute.

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THE VERY REV. JOHN CAIRD, D.D., LL.D.

Principal of the University of Glasgow, who died suddenly at Greenock a few weeks ago, was a native of Greenock and the son of an engineer. He was educated at the Grammar School of his native town and at Glasgow University, where he early distinguished himself both in arts and divinity. He took his M.A. degree in 1845, and some time in the same year was ordained to the pastorate of Newton-upon-Ayr, whence in 1847 he was translated to the parish of Lady Yester, Edinburgh.

Here his popularity was extraordinary, with the result, however, that the demands made on his physical energies were so great that he found it necessary to retire to the country. He accordingly accepted, in 1849, the rural charge of Errol, Perthshire, and in the parish church of Crathie he preached, before the Queen and Prince Albert, the famous sermon reprinted in this week's POST, on 'The Religion of Common Life,' which made his name universally known.

In 1862 Mr. Caird was appointed Professor of Divinity in the University of Glasgow, and in 1873 was appointed to succeed Doctor Barclay as Principal and Vice-Chancellor of the University. Only a few weeks since he was succeeded in this position by the Reverend Robert H. Story, D. D., Professor of Church History at Glasgow.

For a generation the late Principal, together with his brother Edward, late Professor of Moral Philosophy at Gilmorehill and now Master of Balliol, wielded an immense influence over numbers of the ablest students of the University of Glasgow.

UNDER THE EVENING LAMP

HALF HOURS WITH SONG AND STORY

English as She is Constructed

IMAGINE yourself a foreigner, striving to master the construction of the English language. Perhaps you may be gazing at a number of vessels on the water, and exclaim, "See what a flock of ships!" You are at once told that a flock of ships is called a fleet, and that a fleet of sheep is called a flock. It might also be added for your guidance that a flock of girls is called a bevy, while a bevy of wolves is called a pack; yet a pack of thieves is called a gang, and a gang of angels is called a host; but a host of porpoises is called a shoal, and a shoal of buffalos is called a herd.

Still, a herd of children is called a troop, but a troop of partridges is called a covey; a covey of beauty is called a galaxy, while a galaxy of ruffians is called a horde; further, a horde of rubbish is called a heap, yet a heap of oxen is called a drove; a drove of blackguards is called a mob, but a mob of whales is called a school; a school of worshipers is called a congregation, while a congregation of engineers is called a corps; a corps of robbers is called a band, though a band of locusts is called a swarm, and a swarm of people is called a crowd; a crowd of pictures is called a collection, but a collection of money is called a hoard, and a hoard of people is called a company; a company of ministers is called an assembly; an assembly of soldiers is called a muster. No wonder foreigners become confused while trying to master the English language.

Cost of Getting Klondike Gold

WHAT does an exodus of 100,000 to the Klondike mean to the business of the country? I have figured it out on the basis of cost and proportion as ascertained, says a writer in the Review of Reviews:

Each man would average an expenditure of $600, making a grand total of $60,000,000. The United States railroads would get $5,000,000 of this; Seattle merchants and hotel keepers, for outfits and transient guests, $25,000,000; the prospector's home town, and towns en route to Seattle and other Pacific coast points, $5,000,000; ship companies, for transportation to Alaska, $10,000,000; and for the transportation of freight over passes, and in Alaska, $15,000,000.

This would represent only the actual needs of this number of prospectors, and would cause a large increase in other businesses directly connected with it. It means that in 1898 $60,000,000 will be spent in search of gold, and in the same year not more than one-fourth of that amount will be produced. But the output is likely to come nearer the expense as each year passes, and in a few years will probably far exceed it.

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The War-Horses of Great Generals

ONE war-horse which made a splendid record for himself, and now has his virtues, name and noble deeds engraved on a fitting tombstone, was the little chestnut the great Duke of Wellington rode at the Battle of Waterloo. Copenhagen, named after the capital of Denmark, from which country and city he came, was a spirited thoroughbred.

Copenhagen served under Wellington during the Spanish war, and for eighteen hours he carried his master at Waterloo. After this he was sent to the Duke's home to take his ease. A member of the Royal Academy of English painters was paid to make a portrait of Copenhagen, which the Duke petted to the day of his death.

Nine years after the Emperor Napoleon died at Saint Helena, an old white horse perished of old age and pneumonia in England. The skeleton of this animal is set up in the Royal United Service Institution in Whitehall Yard, London, and is pointed out to all visitors as Marengo, the charger Napoleon rode at the battle of Waterloo. Marengo came originally from Egypt, and was left to wander on the dismal battlefield when the Emperor was forced to fly for his life. An English officer found and took him, and he was sold to an English General. In English pastures, cared for by reverent grooms, this noble white beast passed the latter years of his life far more peacefully than his great and unfortunate master.

General Lee and General Grant, General Stonewall Jackson and General Sheridan all brought their favorite chargers safely through many bloody battles, and both Lee and Jackson were outlived by their warhorses.

Cincinnati, Grant's most famous charger, was presented to him by a man also named Grant, but no relative of the great commander. Cincinnati weathered the perils of war, and died as sincerely lamented as he had lived respected. Washington's horse, the one he rode at the surrender of Lord Cornwallis, was hung with mourning robes, and, led by a groom, followed quietly behind the coffin of his dead master.

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The Oldest Bank-Notes in the World

THE oldest bank-notes are the "flying money," or "convenient money," first used in China, 2697 B. C. Originally these notes were used by the Treasury, but experience dictated a change to the banks under Government inspection and control. A writer in a provincial paper says that the early Chinese "greenbacks" were in all essentials similar to the modern bank-notes, bearing the name of the bank, date of issue, the number of the note, the signature of the official using it, indications of its value in figures, in words and in the pictorial representation in coins or heaps of coins equal in amount to its face value, and a notice of the pains and penalties of counterfeiting. Over and above all was a laconic exhortation of industry and thrift—"Produce all you can; spend with economy." These notes were printed in blue ink on paper made from the fibre of the mulberry tree. One issued in 1399 B. C. is still preserved at St. Petersburg.

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How They Keep Cool in Other Lands

THE men of the far East have solved the problem of how to keep cool by methods as ingenious as they are varied. Of all these delightful methods the "sinking-rooms" of Persia commend themselves most to one's conceptions of the luxurious and delightful. When not required, these gilded, glass-walled palaces float gracefully on the blue waters of Lake Niris, the most lovely of Persian lakes. When the heat ceases to be comfortable their happy owners enter the floating palaces, which are drawn by heavy weights down into the transparent depths of the lake, and with an ample supply of air from above, luxurious surroundings, iced drinks, and fan-waving houris, the Persian millionaire can enjoy one hundred degrees in the shade.

The Prince of Agra has a similar palace moored in one of the reaches of the Jumna. Its furniture and appointments are superb; the very chairs are made of gold and incrusted with jewels. On sultry days the Prince and his suite enter their river-palace, which is at once unmoored and floats gently on the bosom of the Jumna at the will of the tide, catching every breeze that blows.

The "cooling galleries" of China are delightful. They hang suspended over rivers or private lakes, and are sumptuously furnished; every cooling beverage is there in the greatest profusion.

In India the well-to-do Englishmen and natives fly from the plains at the first blast of heat, and take refuge in the hills, where the cool breezes blowing from snow-capped mountains drive away all thought of heat.

The Author of "What My Lover Said"

HOMER GREENE was born at Ariel, Wayne County, Pennsylvania, January 10, 1853. He was a student at the Riverview Military Academy, Poughkeepsie, New York, and was graduated with honors from Union College in 1876. He studied law at the Albany Law School, and was admitted to the bar of Wayne county, Pennsylvania, in 1879, where he has since been in constant practice. He has of recent years taken a prominent part in Republican politics in Pennsylvania. The poem, What My Lover Said, was written while he was at college, in 1875, and appeared originally in the New York Evening Post over the initials H. G. It went the rounds of the newspapers. It has been credited to Horace Greeley, and has been claimed by and for other writers of more or less repute. The authorship of the lines appears now, however, to be definitely settled. Mr. Greene is the author of some other popular poems, notably, My Daughter Louise, The Banner of the Sea, and Mizpah. He has been an occasional contributor of novels, poems and essays to some of the best of the American periodicals. He resides at Honesdale, in a suburban homestead known as "Highland Cottage."

BOOKS & BOOKMEN

...as; fervent in spirit; serving ... xii, 11.

Life is Life, by Zack.—The new writer, and especially the young woman who is putting together a first book, almost invariably flies from the commonplace of familiar surroundings to stalk a few heroes in the uttermost ends of the earth. Miss Gwendoline Keats, whose futile pseudonym is Zack, has wandered off to the antipodes for the material of some of the tales in Life is Life, and, as might be expected, they are the poorest in the book.

The English reviews have hailed Zack as a writer of great promise, and there is much in her work to justify their praise, but it is uneven, almost ragged at times. Dramatic and emotional qualities are not lacking, but with them is a touch of the sensational and sentimental, and a tendency toward the morbid and the horrible.

In the title story, a man who has been educated to believe that he is the son of an English gentleman discovers that his father is a thief. In the second, a girl, masquerading as a boy, makes her way to Australia in search of her brother. She finds him dying of fever, and the details are unpleasant.

It is when she is dealing with Devonshire folk that Zack does her best work. She knows the poor, and can put herself in touch with the tragedy and comedy of their lives.

The stories which promise well for her future are those which she evidently esteems most lightly, for they make up the second half of her book. (Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)

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Victor Serenus, by Henry Wood.—Paul, the great Apostle, is the central figure in this historical novel. The author has set his stage in the Neronian epoch, and his aim has been to show us the actual conditions of the religious, social and political world of that time. Mr. Wood appears to have handled his material with discretion, and to have followed the most probable hypotheses. He gives us a striking and thoroughly unconventional picture of the birth of the Christian Church. (Lee and Shepard, Boston.)

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The Evolution of the College Student, by William De Witt Hyde.—From the raw freshman to the College President, almost every one has tried his hand at the college story, and we are still waiting for the writer who shall draw a satisfactory picture of the American undergraduate. There have been occasional tales that were good, and Mr. Flandran has faithfully pictured some exclusively Harvard varieties, but as a successfully drawn type, the college man does not exist in our literature.

This is, perhaps, because he is not in the nature of things a fixed quantity, and so, before an author is sure enough of his art to attempt to analyze for others the phases of this tadpole state, he finds himself grown out of touch and sympathy with it.

President Hyde, in a little volume with a ponderous title, tries to show us a typical American student through the medium of his letters home. They classify themselves under the heads, Freshmen Sorrows, Sophomore Conceits, Junior Misgivings, and Senior Prospects. On the evidence of these letters, this student is the sort of man who gets himself heartily disliked by his fellows before he has been a Freshman twenty-four hours. And when one has followed his fortunes through a few pages, one is inclined to feel sorry that hazing has been abolished in our colleges; for ten years ago this Clarence Mansfield would have been taken in hand by a self-appointed committee of Sophomores, and it might have done him good. To-day he would be let severely alone. On some pages he is a cad, on others a prig, on all insufferably conceited. Of course such a college man is possible, though not typical, and he might be interesting from a certain point of view were he consistently drawn.

But let Clarence speak for himself. Writing home to his mother about one of the little affairs which broke the monotony of the term for him, he says:

> "Why, Kate just adores me, idolizes me, says that in all the history of the college there never was a fellow quite like me."

And later, when Kate palls on the sweet youth:

> "Well, you were right after all. My affair with Kate is off, and my only regret is that it was ever on. She is a sweet creature and I am sorry to have caused her pain."

It is little passages like this that make one doubt whether Clarence were worth evolving; a little farther on doubt gives way to certainty, for he writes to the unhappy girl who has finally won him—and he is a senior now, and presumably in love:

> "The substance of all those social aims of yours is as precious to us both as it ever was, and we will find ways to work them out ... Not one jot or tittle of the loftiest ... ever set before yourself shall be ... unfulfilled. Your aims ... lost, but transformed—*aufgehoben*, as the Germans say of the chemical constituents of the soil when they are taken up to form the living tissue of plant or animal. There, well, haven't I been as egoistic this time as your altruistic highness could desire?
>
> "YOUR DEVOTED LOVER."

It is not that President Hyde does not know the college man that he has failed here. As an educator he ranks high, and deservedly so. But his point of view is that of the faculty, and a college President, to be fitted for his chair, must necessarily have grown far beyond certain interesting and characteristic phases of the student. (Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York and Boston.)

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Comedies and Errors, by Henry Harland.—After a diet of prose pastels and insipidity, of dialect and dreariness, of realism and horrors, it is a relief to read an author whose heroes, if "merely players," are clever ones, and whose heroines eschew the sex problem. Mr. Harland does not aim to edify, nor to instruct, but to please. His plots are simple, but his dialogue and description would almost reconcile one to the absence of any plot. He never allows realism to interfere with the particular bit of romance which he has in hand, but what would be a defect in a less clever writer we can commend in him as a virtue.

The opening story of the collection, The Confidante, is a sketch of the relations between a pretty widow and a young fellow some years her junior. He makes her his confidante in a boyish love affair which he is having with another woman, and naturally ends by falling in love with her. Then we are given glimpses of life in several imaginary Kingdoms, and introduced to some fascinating Royal personages, so fascinating and clever, in fact, as to be convincingly unreal. These Princes are not of that modernized eighteenth-century line who, on every page, have hairbreadth escapes, and, in every other chapter, cleave an enemy's skull as easily as Marie Corelli splits an infinitive, but men of wit, skilled in thrust and parry, keen-pointed epigram and sharp retort. A pretty fancy and a delicate touch, these are the qualities which one finds in Comedies and Errors. (John Lane, New York.)

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Not Declined for Lack of Merit.—China is the only country in the world where editors give a thoroughly satisfactory reason for the return of manuscript. Here is a sample letter, sent by a Peking editor to a would-be contributer to his journal:

> "Illustrious brother of the sun and moon! Look upon thy slave who rolls at thy feet, who kisses the earth before thee and demands of thy charity permission to speak and live.
>
> "We have read thy manuscript with delight. By the bones of our ancestors we swear that never have we encountered such a masterpiece. Should we print it His Majesty the Emperor would order us to take it as a criterion and never again to print anything which was not equal to it. As that would not be possible before ten thousand years, all trembling we return thy manuscript and beg of thee ten thousand pardons. See—my hand is at my feet and I am the slave of thy servant. THE EDITOR."

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Familiar Talks About Authors

MRS. HUMPHRY WARD, the novelist, is not partial to correspondence, if one may judge by her remark, some time ago, to a friend. "Eating tacks and answering letters are both alike to me," she said.

MRS. FLORA ANNIE STEEL, the authoress of that fine novel of the Indian Mutiny, On the Face of the Waters, met with her first success in the world of letters in the rather humble but decidedly useful sphere of textbooks upon various branches of domestic economy. Every well-ordered British household in the East is equipped with a copy of her Complete Indian Cook and Housekeeper, published ten years ago.

TO MRS. THOMAS HARDY is due much of the credit usually bestowed upon the novelist, her husband. She it was who diverted Mr. Hardy from his purpose to study architecture; she encouraged him to write; she copied his first novel, and even sent it to the publishers. Mr. Hardy likes to live with his fictitious personages; there are months when he reads but little, and, meanwhile, it is Mrs. Hardy who goes through newspapers and books and keeps abreast of the times for both herself and her husband. Among other living writers, Julian Hawthorne, Coventry Patmore and Rider Haggard are mated with women who furnish not only inspiration to work, but also sound criticism of what their husbands produce.

QUO VADIS, which has been so popular in America, has brought the translator, Mr. Curtin, $25,000. It may be doubted whether any previous translator of fiction has ever received so much money for his work on a single volume.

RUDYARD KIPLING has settled down in his new English home at Rottingdean, a quiet little Sussex village near the sea. It is called the Elms from its surrounding elm and ilex trees. In this quiet retreat the author is leading the life of the English gentleman of time immemorial, varying his routine of work and reading by a ride of three hours every morning in the quiet English lanes and by-ways, and walking four or five hours later in the day, an aggregate of physical activity sure to find outward expression in the virility of his coming books.

ZACK, the author of Life is Life, is a Miss Gwendoline Keats. Miss Keats was born at Bideford, and is an addition to the list of Devonshire authors. She is at present engaged in writing a play.

TO AN INTERVIEWER who sought information regarding her forthcoming book, Marie Corelli writes: "With regard to my 'forthcoming work,' there is no forthcoming work. The information you desire about my work in general, my attitude to critics, publishers, and the reading public generally, is easily gratified. *In primis*:—My work in general is a great relaxation to myself. 2. My attitude to critics—complete indifference; to publishers—the utmost friendliness; to the reading public—my entire gratitude. Trusting this will be in every way satisfactory, sincerely yours, Marie Corelli."

MR. H. G. WELLS, the novelist, has said that his ideal of work was to spend a year on a book, burn it at the end, and devote another year to rewriting it.

IBSEN WRITES very slowly and carefully, and never takes a real holiday. Every day he devotes five hours to literary work—from 8 A. M. till 1. It takes him about five months to write a drama, and after completing one he devotes six or seven months to mental preparation for a new one. He rewrites each play three times, it is said.

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Women's Pure Linen Handkerchiefs, with dainty embroidered edges, 25 cents each.
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